JOHN BULL, APRIL 2, 1932

4,500 GUINEAS FOR A FEW WORDS! SEE PAGES 34 and 35

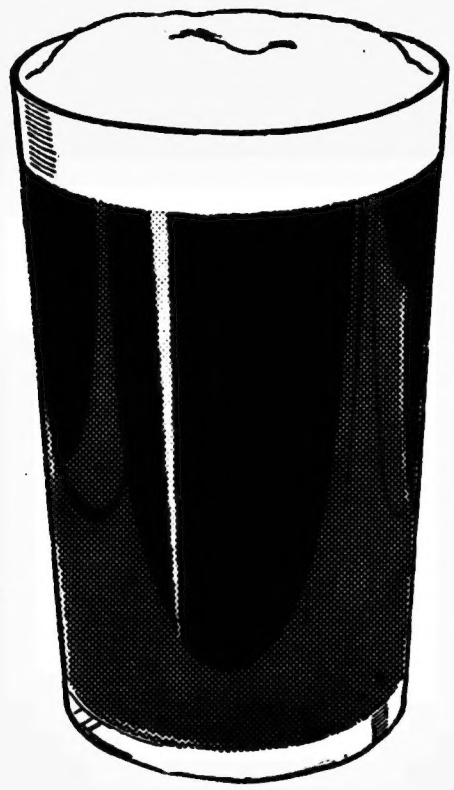
TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1346.

JOHN BULL

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE

'I consider GUINNESS one of the best tonic and strength restorers' M.D.

This letter, one of thousands received from doctors, is published by special permission.



GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 236B

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

START in Drapery and make money by selling again. Small capital only required. Lowest prices in the trade. Example: Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 4/11 doz. Men's Suits, 15/- each, honestly worth 45/-. Ladies' or Gent's Mackintoshes, 6/6 each. Thousands of other Bargains Sample Bales 21/-. Satisfaction or money returned under *John Bull* guarantee. Catalogue and Guide free.—Wolfson, Thomas St., Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.; inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; partics. free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

THE SECRET OF MAIL ORDER SELLING is to choose the right goods and use the right advertisement in the right paper. Small, progressive retailers should investigate the possibilities of mail order by writing to The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big Comm., little trouble, no expense. Marvellous Bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc., all goods Carr. Paid on mainland. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. Send p.c. NOW for partics. and wonderful Bargain Catalogue.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

HALF Profit. Quick Selling Lines. Agents wanted. Samples and full partics. free.—X., PELICAN PRESS, BROOK LANE, BRISTOL.

AGENTS OR SHOPKEEPERS requiring a range of profitable selling lines please enclose trade card for free sample and full particulars. Texalo Co. (Dept. J.B.), South Shore, Blackpool.

AGENTS wanted (spare time) for Sartor Golden Club. Famous for values and service; generous cash commission. Postages paid. Write for details and 125-p. Cat. of amazing bargains. SARTOR MFG. CO. (Dept. 3) MANCHESTER. Call, 220, Tottenham Court Rd., London W.1.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X. 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

A MONEY-EARNING OPPORTUNITY. £6 commission for forming a National Benefit Club. For full particulars read advertisement centre of page 3.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and today he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS.—COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7), or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5 COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

BUY Hosiery w'sale to sell again; over 60% profit, any quantity. Cat. Free.—Empire Hosiery Co. Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

MUSICIANS! HAVE YOU SEEN THE ADVERTISEMENT IN TOP LEFT-HAND CORNER OF PAGE 3? LOOK NOW!

BUY British Hosiery w'sale, to sell again 60% profit. Any quantity. Cat. free.—Trunit Hosiery Co. Textile Exch. St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Duplicate Books, Memos, Postcards, Catlgs., etc. Samps. 3d. postage. Meads, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey, Heather, etc. 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING. Finest Butt Leather, Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, Wellington Bldgs., Strand, Liverpool.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1932 Designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS. The Wonder Book of Patterns Post Free. Over 100 new designs plainly marked at bargain prices. All papers English made. Write for your copy to the origine' mail order firm, Blakey, Morris & Co (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B. 55/56, London Rd., Elephant, S.E.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A CARNIVAL Hat, Novelty Joke, Fancy Dress and Balloons. Ill. List J.B. Free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross St., London, N.1.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. List Free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 19), 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book Designs, Patterns, post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

MEN'S HEAVY MERINO VEST AND PANTS. Good wearing, unshrinkable, soft to the skin. 3/6 complete suit, 1 pair Gent's Fancy Socks GIVEN with every complete suit purchased. Money returned if not satisfied.—(A) Ball & Co., 103, Old Lodge Lane, Purley, Surrey.

RETAILERS! Sell by post, the modern method of trading; multiply sales and increase profits by displaying your goods in *John Bull's* "Shop Window." See pages 3 & 12. Write for particulars, stating class of trade. No obligation.—The Manager, Ideas & Sales Deve'opment Dept., *John Bull*, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy Direct—save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon, specially blended. 4 lb. 4/8, 10 lb. 10/-. Tea Dust, 10 lb. 5/-. Carr. pd. PORTWAY TEA CO., 72, Portway, West Ham.

FREE!—To those who like a strong, refreshing, fragrant cup of tea (selected from the best Indian and Ceylon gardens) a generous free sample of the noted Mansion Tea will be sent on receipt of postcard addressed to MANSION STORES, LTD. (Dept. "D."), 11, Queen Victoria Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

LIFE PENSION AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT.

Result of Crossword Competition No. 157.

The only correct solution in this contest was received from:—

J. Hambleck, 21, Rothsay Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a Life Pension of £3 a Week or £1,250 cash.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 12th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following seven competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £7 2s. 11d.

Adams, C. F., 541, Devon Mansions, Tooley St., S.E.1; Gibbon, W., 17, Ailesbury St., Newport, Mon.; Gray, J., 73, Albion St., Wallasey; Hales, J., 50, Villa Rd., Birmingham; Howard, S., 19, Mess, H.M.S. "Frobisher," Portsmouth; Rushton, A., 8, Stubbins St., Ramsbottom, Manchester; Todd, A. E., 14, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

Another splendid X-word with a Life Pension of £3 a week and £50 to be divided between the runners-up appears on page 32. Try your skill now!

LAY "TRI-NOLEUM" on your floors for long wear and economy. Send coupon on page 12 for Free Patterns.

1/. RUG BOOK AND SAMPLES FREE. A p.c. to READICUT WOOL CO (Dept. J.B.), Ossett, Yorks, brings it.

A FREE GIFT of two large Pillows is offered by Direct Bedding Co., in their advertisement, page 12.

PUNCTURE-PROOF CYCLE TYRES 3/11. Guarantee two years. This is one of the interesting bargain offers in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW," pages 3 and 12.

SEE that your umbrella has a FOX'S FRAME. See page 25.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts or sets. 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn, EC1.

MUSICIANS! HAVE YOU SEEN THE ADVERTISEMENT IN TOP LEFT-HAND CORNER OF PAGE 3? LOOK NOW!

10/- DOWN brings a "Miracle" Wireless Set, British made, complete with Cossor Valves ready for instant use. Send the coupon on page 3.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/8 for generous supply, or 1d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap, latches and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (492A), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Spl. 3d.

CATARRH.—Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief in coughs and nasal and bronchial catarrhs. Write for Free Booklet No. 46G, to Allen & Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

SUFFERS FROM RHEUMATISM should take "CELUNOX" (Brand) Tablets, containing celery and vitamins. Dissolve uric acid and give speedy relief. 1/3, Boots and all chemists, or send 2d. for trial box, value 7½d. Dept. 15, CELUNOX, LTD., EDGWARE, MIDDLESEX.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 2d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.88), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FREE!—Readers' attention is drawn to MR. SHADFORTH'S SPECIAL OFFER of a copy of his wonderful book, "THE WEALTH OF HEALTH" (published at 2/6), which is offered gratis for a limited period to every reader who sends an order for any of the proved remedies advertised in the advt. on page 29. As a large buyer of drugs, Mr. Shadforth is able to dispense medicines at prices lower than anywhere else. Safeguard your health, strength and freedom from pain by sending for a supply of these famous remedies, or keep them handy in your medicine chest.

FREE. Sufferers from Rheumatism and kindred ailments are invited to send for a free Trial Package of "Hervea," a wonderful remedy, which you prepare and drink like ordinary tea. Write to Mr. H. Lee (Dept. 423a), 3, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1, and enclose a stamp for postage.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return. Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
YOU can't stop eating them.
All Sweet Shops.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Mention *John Bull*.

VISITORS to the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia will view with interest the "OVALTINE" Stand, which represents a model of the extensive Ovaltine factory at Kings Langley, built in the bright sunshine of a summer's day. In every way the "OVALTINE" Stand is the most appropriate to a tonic food preparation that is essentially a product of England's farms and fields. The Ovaltine Egg Farm produces millions of new-laid eggs of the best quality every year.

GIBBS' dainty trial box, containing useful size samples of their Toilet preparations, can be obtained by sending the coupon in the advt. on page 23. Enclose 6d. in stamps, or P.O. for either ladies or gent's outfit, or 1/- in stamps, or P.O., if both required. This special offer is made to acquaint readers with the excellence of GIBBS' Toilet Preparations.

FREE.—An informative booklet, the "SUNMAID" RECIPE BOOK, containing nearly 100 recipes—of interest to every housewife—can be obtained by writing to Dept. J.B.3, Producers' Internationnal Sales Association Ltd., 50, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. Send for your copy now. Read the advt. on page 20.

HOW to clean False Teeth easily and simply is solved in the "MILTON" advt. which appears on page 33.

HAVE you ever tasted POST TOASTIES—golden crisp flakes of Indian Corn? Simply delightful with milk or cream? Try some tomorrow. The advt. appears on page [illegible].

THE proprietors of KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM announce a new LIQUID KOLYNOS for clearing the nasal passages to kill all germs. The Sprinkler Flask can be obtained by enclosing remittance and sending to the address appearing in the advt. on page 26.

SLIMMING is a simple matter. The Marmola Company will send a two-days supply and a free booklet to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 27.

READERS' attention is drawn to the MORGAN'S POMADE advt. for GREY HAIR on page 16. For over fifty years this excellent preparation has obtained an enviable reputation for restoring hair to its natural colour and brilliance.

WRITE for Free Booklet No. 96 offered in the CHURCH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY'S advt. on page 26.

FOR some years the resources of HAYWARD'S huge factory have been directed towards producing a Sauce which would live up to the high "MILITARY" standard. For the same reason that their famous "MILITARY" PICKLE has won the public's approval, so has "MILITARY" SAUCE, in which Oriental fruits and spices are blended with pure malt vinegar to render a luscious flavour.

Musicians!

LEARN
PIANO TUNING

at home in your spare time, and then earn £10 per week in this fascinating profession. Send 1½d. stamp for explanatory booklet, mentioning "John Bull."

THE ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL OF MUSICAL ACOUSTICS
107-111, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

FROM 5/6 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

Tarpaulins, Tools, Cycles, Frame, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, tongued, grooved, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
6 ft.	4 ft.	6 ft.	£2 0 0	10/6	5/6
6 ft.	6 ft.	6½ ft.	£4 11 0	15/11	8/4
8 ft.	6 ft.	6½ ft.	£6 7 6	22/4	11/8

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free.
F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holmfirth Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

SPRING SALE! COMPLETE BARGAIN BALE.

2 Woolly Blankets	80 x 60
2 Strong Sheets	80 x 60
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 20
1 Art. Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Check Glass Cloths	
2 Turkish Towels	
1 Damask Table Cloth	
1 Printed Overall	
1 Pair Art. Silk Stockings	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
2 Chamois Polishers	

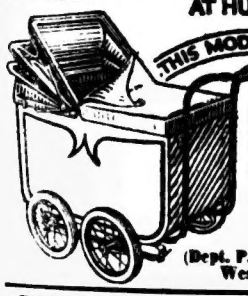
Carr. Free. 20/- Cash or C.O.D.
No Further Payments.

FREE GIFT of a handsome WADDED DOWN QUILT, sent with each bale.
Satisfaction or money back.

PATON MILL Co. Dpt. C.1, Paton St., MANCHESTER

GREAT PRAM SALE!

GENUINE DAINTICARS AT HUGE REDUCTIONS



THIS MODEL 39/6

Other Models with Ball Bearing Wheels and Cushion Tyres, *from* 5/9 *monthly*

Write for Sale Catalogue

Victoria Carriage Co. (Dept. P.89), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

"READICUT" RUG WOOL

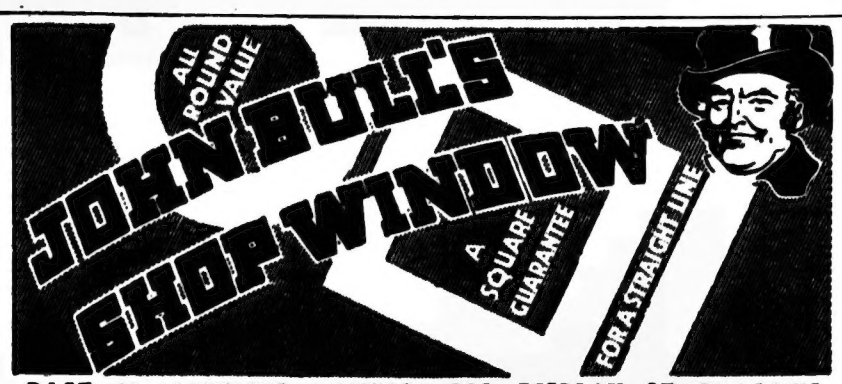
SPECIAL OFFER BLACK 6-PLY Clearing Line 9d. PER LB.

Send a postcard for

1/- RUG BOOK & SAMPLES FREE

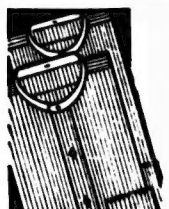
Including 12 coloured Rug designs, Wools, Canvas, etc. 6 fold and Cable in Black and 80 shades.

READICUT WOOL CO. Dept. J.B., OSSETT, YORKS.



PAGE 12 CONTAINS ANOTHER BIG DISPLAY OF BARGAINS

SHIRT and 2 COLLARS



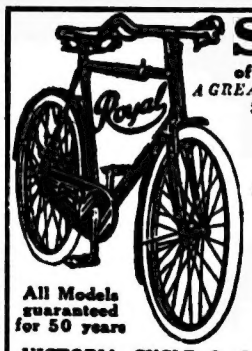
To advertise our catalogue, we are offering a tunic shirt and 2 collars to match at the advertising price of Sample shirt. 2/11 *Post 3d.*

2 for 5/6, 3 for 8/3, *Post 6d.* These are last season's patterns (hence the low price), in fancy stripes, Blue, Pink and Brown shades, double cuffs, full cut 2 soft collars to match; and our price is much below the price you would have to pay for the material alone.

Cash returned if not satisfied. Send to-day, state size and you receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

SALE!



of ROYAL Cycles. *A GREAT OPPORTUNITY*

5-Guinea Models for 59/6 (or 5/9 monthly)

3-Speed Model de Luxe for 79/6 (or 7/6 monthly).

Numerous other models at similar reductions.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

All Models guaranteed for 50 years

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO., (Dept. G.88) 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

A MONEY-EARNING OPPORTUNITY!!!

£6 COMMISSION £6

FOR

FORMING A NATIONAL BENEFIT CLUB

WHY WORK FOR LESS?

BECOME AN AGENT FOR THE NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES.

The Firm that provides the Biggest Bargains to Members and pays the Largest Commission to Agents.

EARN BIG MONEY EASILY WITHOUT ANY OUTLAY OR EXPERIENCE.

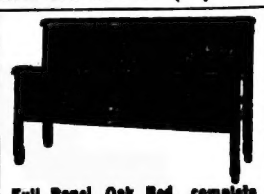
MEN AND WOMEN WANTED in every town to form 1/- Weekly Clubs for our wonderful goods. Thousands of marvellous Bargains to select from in Furniture, Bedding, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furs, Jewellery, Household Goods, etc., etc., from 5/- upwards.

A few illustrations taken at random from our 10/-, 20/- and 40/- Bargain Catalogues are shown herewith.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—To all prospective Club Agents, also Agents of other Clubs. IT WILL PAY YOU to become an organiser for the National Benefit Stores, as you will not only EARN MORE MONEY FOR YOURSELF, but you will find it much easier to get members to join our Clubs as we provide better value than any other firm in the country. Join at once the thousands of our well-satisfied agents, who are now earning big money through the medium of our popular clubs. Send Postcard (penny stamp) NOW, for Catalogues and particulars of how to easily earn £6 COMMISSION.

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Pollard St., Ancoats, Manchester

Reclining Arm Chair, with two Velvet Cushions, only 10/-.



Full Panel Oak Bed, complete with Wire Mattress, 20/-

Solid Oak Full-Size Sideboard, with Mirror, 40/-

Pair of All Pure Wool Blankets, only 10/- the pair.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

FROM £3 15s. CASH or TERMS

HERE is a chance to save shop-keepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15 - Free Gift Coupon

will be given to all who

Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey (1) CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No. 24, COVENTRY

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to All Sufferers!

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Blushing or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you! An absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 5d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B. 89), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

UNSURPASSED for SHEER VALUE

"MIRACLE" WIRELESS SETS from 75/-

Beautifully toned, full-volumed, 2, 3 and 4-Valve Sets at pounds-saving Direct-from-Factory-to-Listener prices. All "Miracle" Sets have single dial tuning and are super-selective. Every Set stringently tested and sent on 7 days' approval.

BRITISH MADE, complete with Cossor Valves, Batteries, etc., for instant use. It does not pay you to attempt to build your own set when you can get such marvellous value as this. Send Coupon NOW for Illustrations and full particulars.

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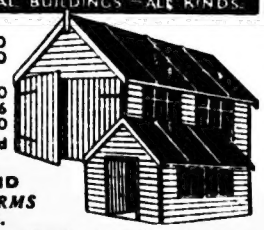

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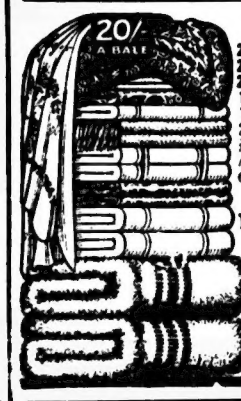

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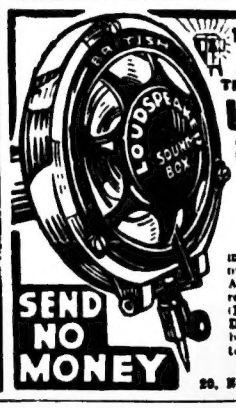

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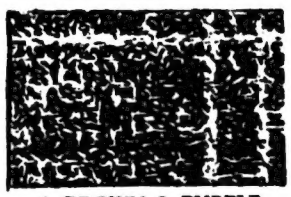

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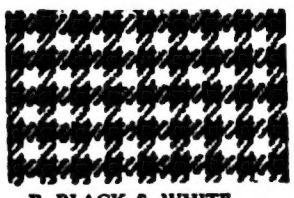
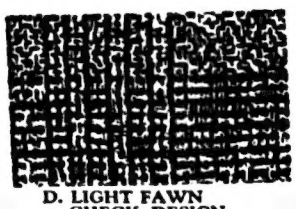


B. BLACK & WHITE SMALL CHECK.

C. BROWN & WHITE SMALL CHECK.



D. LIGHT FAWN CHECK DESIGN.

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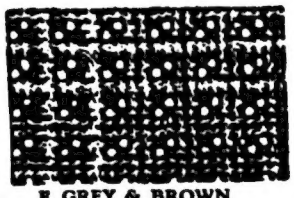
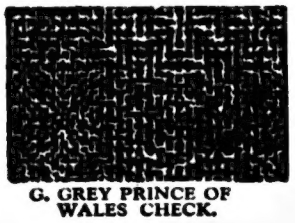


F. GREY & BROWN MIXTURE



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Without Fear or Favour

We Know the Murderers!

SIX, at least, of the murderers in recent "unsolved" crimes are known. They are *known* to the police. They are known to Press reporters who have been engaged on the crimes. They are known to various people in the localities.

Of their guilt there is no reasonable doubt. Yet they are still at large.

They walk the streets free men because there is no way, under present regulations, in which they can be brought to the dock to face a capital charge.

Six known murderers at least are evading the just penalty of their crimes because the police dare not use the methods which would obtain clinching evidence of their guilt.

Yet in the House of Commons the other day the Home Secretary declared that our detectives are not unduly hampered in their powers of examination and cross-examination.

Sir Herbert Samuel has either been misinformed or is unaware of the true situation.

He stated that a special order issued to the Metropolitan Police in August, 1928, after the Savidge enquiry, was "revoked" two years later, following the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure.

This, again, we question. It was not revoked, but simply modified in unimportant details. The restrictions imposed after the Savidge case do, in effect, hold good to-day.

They render the task of the investigating officers well-nigh impossible, as readers will very soon realise from the following facts.

On their guard

IF a police officer interviews a man whom he believes he may ultimately arrest, he must not ask any questions without first cautioning the suspect that anything he says may be used in evidence against him. In other words, he must let a possible murderer know in advance that he is under suspicion.

And, if the suspect elects to make a voluntary statement (though most refuse to say anything at all) the police must not cross-examine him.

They may know that he is lying; they may know that one or two simple questions would smash his lies—*but they must not ask those questions!*

They must merely take down whatever a suspected murderer chooses to say. Then they must tell him that he is at liberty to make any alterations he likes before he signs his statement.

It is often the case that whole passages of vital information have been obliterated by a suspect who has had leisure in which to review his words. But he still cannot be questioned.

Could anything be more futile?

Think how galling it is for an officer who, by dint of painstaking investigation, has obtained 99 per cent. of the evidence required to justify an arrest. One simple question to the suspect might then supply the missing link in the chain.

But the officer dare not ask it without first warning the suspect that he is not obliged to say a single word unless he chooses to do so. And what murderer, in such circumstances, would choose to speak?

These restrictions become even more preposterous in cases where two or more men are suspected of working together on one crime.

While regulations provide for their statements to be taken in separate rooms the suspects are *protected* from unwittingly giving one another away by a rule which requires the police to let each man have a sight of the other's statement.

Thus the men suspected of being in collusion are allowed to know what story their colleagues have told.

Yet they cannot be cross-examined about any discrepancies which may occur in their several statements, and are privileged to make supplementary statements after they have had this invaluable opportunity of comparing notes.

Good for the crook

MEANWHILE, the police officer, who may be certain of their guilt, has to act in the humiliating capacity of clerk, taking down everything they say without the power of exploding obvious falsehoods.

Sir Wyndham Childs, who, as former Assistant Commissioner of Police, speaks with authority, declared in these columns a year ago that the recommendations of the Savidge Commission constituted a "Crook's Guide to Freedom."

With every respect for the Home Secretary's good faith, we repeat that conditions have not materially changed since then.

We repeat that at least six murderers now at large would have been executed or put out of harm's way in Broadmoor if the police had a freer hand.

Under existing regulations the murder of the Brixton taxicab driver, Jacob Dickey, in 1923, would never have been solved. A conviction was obtained through admissions made by one accused man who turned King's Evidence, after skilful and very necessary cross-examination.

Another murderer who has paid the price was detained for two days and a night while the police were checking up information obtained in his voluntary statement. He would probably be a free man to-day had his case been dealt with under existing regulations.

For obvious reasons we cannot give details of recent murder cases in which the guilty persons are known.

But we can state that, in some of these, there are witnesses who will not come forward simply because they cannot be compelled to do so. They feel that it is certainly easier, and possibly safer, to keep silent.

This is an intolerable situation.

Let them probe

A SMALL commission is needed to examine *in private* the evidence of detectives in all parts of the country as to their difficulties under the present hampering regulations.

It should be set up without delay, and officers so examined should be given complete freedom of speech without any threat of official displeasure should they utter unwelcome truths.

And from the result of this commission's findings must be framed new regulations which will help and not hinder the course of justice.

No Derby Sweepstake for Us

Shock for Ex-Service Men

Young Tories' Bright Idea

Sweep Bill won't clear the second hurdle

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . .

WE are still a long, long way from the possibility of a legalised Derby sweepstake in this country.

The Government does not intend to give time for the second reading of Sir William Davison's Bill to authorise lotteries.

Not only was the majority too small to justify a second reading, but—the official pretext will be—the absence of nearly two-thirds of the M.P.s from the division can be interpreted as hostility.

Sir William will now probably press for a Select Committee of Inquiry.

Will de Valera help?

We hear that moves are going on behind the scenes to prevent Irish sweepstake tickets from reaching this country.

It is known that Mr. de Valera, the President of the Free State Executive, is opposed in principle to State sanction of lotteries and is supported by his Cabinet leaders.

Police and Customs authorities in England, who have been completely outwitted by the official exporters of sweepstake tickets from Dublin, want the Home Office to take advantage of this attitude by requesting the Free State Government to co-operate in checking this illegal distribution of tickets.

There'll be trouble

It won't all be plain sailing at the coming Empire Conference at Ottawa.

For one thing, the Government is trying to strike a trade bargain with the Argentine, one of our best customers, which will give a preference to our manufactures if we give a preference to its meat.

But the Dominions are likely to complain if other countries are given terms as good as those they want to get at Ottawa.

Labour feud

We are sorry there is a feud between Sir Stafford Cripps, ex-Solicitor-General, and Mr. Herbert Williams, another former Labour Minister. The Opposition in the House of Commons is too small to permit internal quarrels.

Sir Stafford recently called Mr. Williams "the hon. member who knows all about everything." What a pity he doesn't reserve his sarcasm for the Government!

Turning their coats

A few Labour ex-M.P.s and candidates are thinking of going over to Mr. MacDonald's camp.

Their view is that if they stay in the Labour Party they are not likely to get back into Parliament before the next general election. But they hope that, if they join the Premier, he will arrange for some Tory M.P.s to go to the Lords so that they can have their seats.

About turn!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has bewildered railway companies and travel organisations.

A few weeks ago he said the Government no longer considered it unpatriotic for Britons to spend money on holidays abroad. When questioned in the House, however, he said it was still desirable that people should take their holidays in this country.

Why did he change his mind so abruptly?

Making matters worse

M.P.s of all parties are disturbed at the resentment caused by the "Dole" Means Test. The threats of the Minister of Labour to supersede local authorities who are said to administer the Test too generously will only make things more difficult.

He should hold his tongue until the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance has reported. Then he should introduce amending legislation.

New parliament?

A group of young Conservatives is strongly urging the establishment of an industrial parliament to deal with all questions of trade reorganisation.

Led by Mr. Harold Macmillan, who is in close touch with Mr. Baldwin, these M.P.s are alarmed at the prospect of any tariff advantages being destroyed by the Rip Van Winkle methods in many industries. We wish them luck.

Raising the tariff

The 10 per cent. steel duty will probably be raised to 33⅓ per cent. very soon.

It has failed to help Welsh steel manufacturers because of the heavy imports of Continental steel bar, so the Tariff Advisory Committee is being urged to increase the duty. It is almost certain the Committee will do so.

Their impudence

Some big British armament firms are worried by the disarmament proposals.

They are even thinking of asking the Government for financial help if their business suffers and profits slump.

We hope they don't get it. Why shouldn't they convert their factories to useful purposes?

Living in luxury

A little real economy might be made by the Governor of the Straits Settlements, who is also High Commissioner of the Federated Malay States.

He gets £7,000 a year in salary and allowances, £4,200 for staff and servants, £11,800 for a yacht, and nearly £5,000 more for travelling expenses, furniture and so on.

Sharp business

Some foreign Governments are making excuses not to pay interest on loans they have received from British investors.

Indirectly, the loans helped those countries to compete with us and so worsened the distress of our industries during the depression. Now the foreigner shows his gratitude by withholding our dues! Let us hope our financial leaders will learn a lesson from this. But we doubt it.

Sir Wyndham Childs

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, who for some years has been well known to our readers as the Chief of JOHN BULL's Investigation Department, has been nominated and appointed by His Majesty the King to be High Sheriff of the Counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon.

Two jobs—760 apply

We can't share the amazement of Ashton Public Assistance Committee that 760 men applied for two jobs worth £3 and £2 10s. a week respectively.

Too many public assistance committees forget that there are more than two million unemployed.

Does crime pay?

We note that the convicts charged in connection with the Dartmoor riots were regaled with a meal of stewed steak, two vegetables, rolls, pudding and a pint of tea, followed by a cigarette.

In view of their ordeal, we don't object to this. But what a contrast to the bread, margarine and cocoa supplied to unfortunates at Poor Law institutions!

Dilly-dally

The King's Bench Division is now a year behind with its work, while seven hundred cases are awaiting hearing in the Divorce Court.

It is suggested that the Admiralty Court should now be made a separate Division with its own judge, thus giving a little more time for divorce and probate cases.

But this won't solve the problem. As we have said before, the whole legal system needs drastic overhauling.

Tactless

Ex-Service men applying for commutation of pension are sometimes refused on the grounds that they have not a normal expectation of life.

At least one pensioner has received a terrible shock by being bluntly told he might not expect to live very long.

This is a glaring example of official tactlessness.

Dead don't matter

A Gloucestershire County Council Committee refuses to pay the fare of a priest called to a man who died in Thornbury Hospital. The chairman said they could not impose such a charge on the ratepayers.

But we refuse to believe that ratepayers would begrudge a few shillings spent in giving consolation to a dying man.

His golden idea

Who said Britain's youth was unenterprising?

With a cycle and £10 capital an unemployed Leicester lad scoured the neighbouring villages for sovereigns, which he resold to bullion dealers for a small profit.

But he has already made £500 in this way. He deserves it.

Let off lightly

It is disquieting that nine tradesmen of Harpenden, Herts, have merely been warned for employing boys under twelve at wages ranging from 9d. to 5s. a week.

They deserved prosecution. Child labour of this kind cannot be tolerated.

Heartbreak house

A Bolton baby died because her parents could not afford a doctor, nor was there any money to bury her.

The father's "dole" has been stopped, three other young children are ill, and the family is trying to live on 26s. a week earned by two sons.

Did the unemployment officials apply the Means Test to the father before stopping his "dole"? If so, it must have been a very mean test.

He's still busy

The growing of artificial cotton has extremely good prospects, says Dr. C. J. Hedley-Thornton, who is trying to interest investors in the scheme.

But it was criticised in JOHN BULL two years ago, when Sir Wyndham Childs revealed that the doctor had been concerned with several unsuccessful companies.

The coroner we like

Six children have been drowned at a spot in the canal at Walsall and one man alone has saved twenty from drowning there.

The Deputy Coroner, Mr. J. H. Addison, said he would personally find who was the owner of the adjoining land and endeavour to get proper fencing erected.

Actions from the coroner's bench speak louder than words.

Paying for nothing

We sympathise with the farmer who, summoned at Manchester for non-payment of water rate, protested in vain that he had no water supply.

Since his farm is ten miles from the city, it would cost some £260 for pipes if the supply was made.

Well, shouldn't the Corporation provide people with the things they pay for?

Hospital scandal

That noisy mental patients lie beside medical and surgical cases in Maryfield Hospital is one of the allegations made by Dr. Burgess, Dundee Medical Officer of Health.

The Town Council should remedy this—and quickly.

In economy's name

Local County Council Committees in Angus County, Scotland, are reducing the wages of elderly roadmen by the amount of the old-age pensions they receive. Forfar is also cutting the wages of Corporation workers over sixty-five by 10s. a week.

Some forms of "economy" are worse than common thefts. And this is one of them.

It isn't sport

Do the police and the R.S.P.C.A. know that all preparations have been made for the new cock-fighting "season"?

Deserted moorland in Lancashire and Yorkshire, with the meeting-place changed every week-end, is likely to be thronged soon by the callous followers of this bloodthirsty "sport." We hope they will be rounded up and heavily fined

Wake up!

Evil fumes pour from a refuse tip at Moston, Manchester, while parts of the tip have caved in and there is constant danger of playing children being injured by further subsidence.

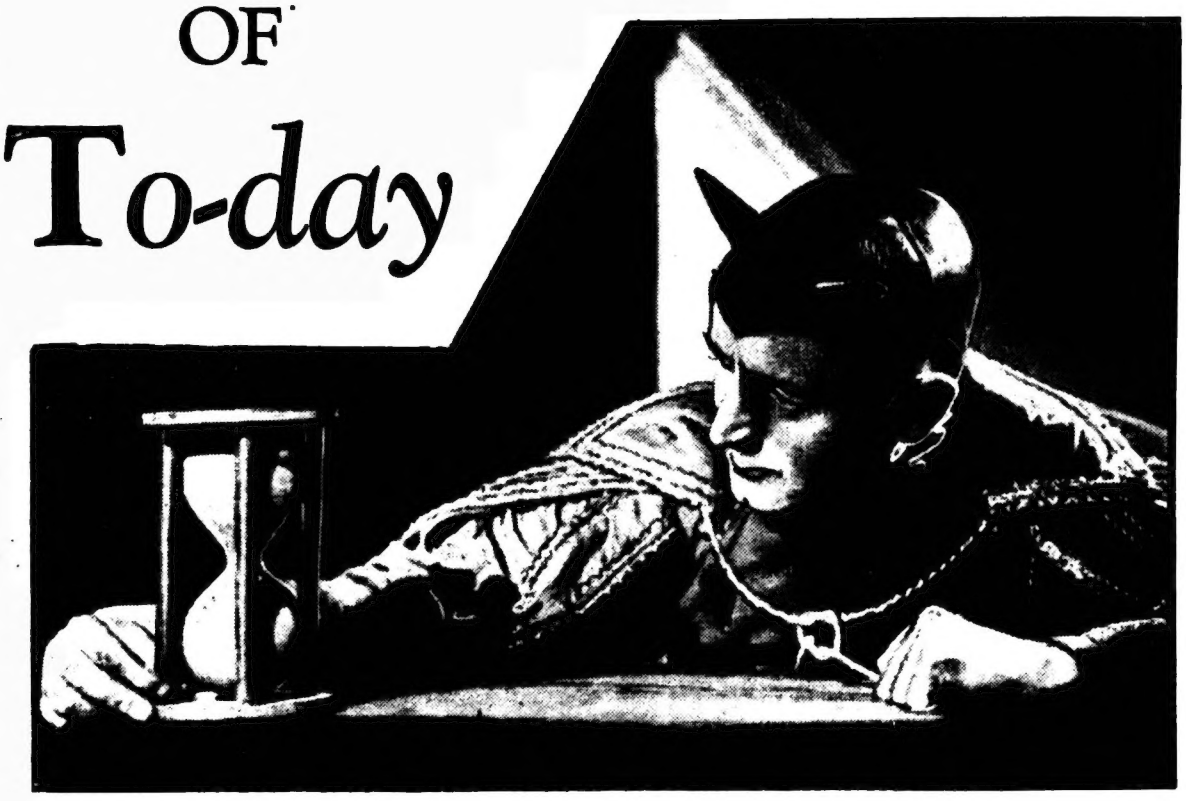
When will the health authorities deal with this scandal?

Brute

Some husbands want a dose of prison to cool their tempers.

A Sandbach, Cheshire, woman who has obtained a separation order alleged that her husband poured boiling water round her feet, threatened her with gun and razor, and threw lighted matches at her.

The Seven Deadly Sins OF To-day



by Seven Famous Authors

WHAT are the seven deadly sins of modern life? Are we better or worse than our forebears; are we a prey to the same weaknesses; or have we changed with the times?

No two people will agree on this subject. While some declare that our actions are governed by environment, others are equally convinced that "what's bred in the bone must come out in the flesh."

And even if we grant that the "Old Adam" survives in us all, it does not follow that fashions in vices have not altered.

The traditional seven deadly sins of the ancients were Pride, Wrath, Envy, Lust, Gluttony, Avarice and Sloth. Does this list hold good to-day, or is modernity responsible for new styles in sin?

We have put this question to seven famous writers, who are distinctly modern in thought, asking each to specify what he or she considers the most besetting sin of the age.

And here they make their choice and give their reasons:

LOUIS GOLDING, *Film Idolatry*

A great part of the people has forsworn God. The churches and synagogues are empty, but the kinemas are thronged day and night with the worshippers of the new idols.

The idolatry of the old days concerned itself with graven images, which had something, at least, of the immortal essence. For those old marble and bronze gods were lovely in shape and durable in substance.

These new idols, the film stars, are flickering shadows on a screen. They have mechanical voices that issue from indentations upon a celluloid surface.

They are impermanent. One year they descend from their Californian Olympus upon some alien capital city, and no man can move, the streets are so choked with their worshippers. (Yet if Shakespeare or Spinoza should return, not one of these idolators would cross the road to cast a casual eye upon him.)

What happens one year later, when these same Hollywood godlings return? Their name is less than a withered leaf. No man remembers them. There is a new celluloid idol to set up in the market-place.

ETHEL MANNIN, *Moneymania*

D. H. Lawrence wrote once how much happier we should all be if our men wore scarlet trousers and swaggered a bit, and we none of us had more than twenty-five shillings a week. Instead, our men wear bowler hats and starched collars and are the slaves of the money machine.

Everybody to-day is too busy making money to have time to live. In the existing social system there is no place for the man who cannot make money.

The man who doesn't join in the scramble is trampled under-foot.

MARGERY LAWRENCE, *Sham Sin*

In old days sins were more clear-cut, more definite. The sins of to-day are more subtle, to my mind more contemptible than the old . . . and most contemptible of all the modern tendency to worship vice, and to ape it as a fashionable pose.

Virtue is dull, people say. But not half so dull as these artificial sinners, though their pose is often so well kept up that most people are deceived by it!

People are afraid to be themselves to-day. I know a dozen women who truly hate drinks, smoking, and so on, whose tastes are as simple and charming and homely as those of any romancer's heroine . . . but dare they admit these tastes? Of course not!

They go to cocktail party after cocktail party, flirt and romp and talk like stable-boys, because they dare not be out of the fashion.

I have plenty of interest and even liking for a real out-and-out sinner . . . but ye gods, these childish imitation sinners who worship the vices they have not themselves the courage to commit!

CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE, *Gossip*

I don't think it matters if your tongue runs away with *you*. That is entirely your own affair. What happens is that no tongue in the world can run away with one person only. That is what makes gossip a deadly sin.

It carries automatically the defenceless and the absent (invariably the absent) on the most fantastic and dangerous journeys.

Don't think I don't gossip. I do. It's a very jolly social drug, and most of us would pass out completely at a party or a dinner-table without its tonic quality.

What I can say is that I have never gossiped in my life without feeling wistfully apologetic afterwards, and wondering how far beyond the bounds of safety a tongue out of bounds had carried my unconscious cargo.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING, *Interference*

The sin which is most alarmingly prevalent at the present day is the desire to interfere with the private lives and personal concerns of our neighbours.

It displays itself in the efforts made to close kinemas on Sundays, in the prohibition of the playing of games in recreation grounds, in the prohibition, where possible, of Sunday golf and tennis, and in all the idiotic licensing restrictions.

The sin, as I see it, is seeking to *coerce* on such questions as Sunday observance and the use of alcohol—instead of seeking to convince.

If 900 inhabitants of Slumpington-on-Sea wish to play games on Sunday afternoons, 100 determined Sabbatarians in "key positions" can prevent them.

A dozen teetotalers on a Bench of Licensing Magistrates can hold up trade, irritate and persecute an entire city and its visitors.

EVELYN WAUGH, *Tolerance*

Twenty-five years ago it was the fashion for those who considered themselves enlightened and progressive to cry out against intolerance as the one damning sin of their time.

The agitation was well founded and it resulted in the elimination from our social system of many elements that are cruel and unjust. But in the general revolution of opinion which followed, has not more been lost than gained?

It is better to be narrow-minded than to have no mind, to hold limited and rigid principles than none at all.

That is the danger which faces so many people to-day—to have no considered opinions on any subject, to put up with what is wasteful and harmful with the excuse that there is "good in everything"—which in most cases means an inability to distinguish between good and bad.

There are still things which are worth fighting *against*.

STORM JAMESON, *Insincerity*

The greatest evil of modern times is light-mindedness, the refusal—which in time becomes a complete inability—to think deeply on any subject, and the demand for a constant variety of excitements and stimuli.

People crave change. They expose their minds to the thousand and one stimuli of modern civilisation and without them they relapse into boredom. Their inner resources are not cultivated: in time these cease to exist.

In the individual the symptoms are those of a neurotic patient, unable to bear reality, morbidly sensitive to stimulus, doing things for the sake of doing something, anything rather than face a solitary hour.

Rather than be what she calls bored one woman will commit adultery, or buy clothes she can't pay for, or make trouble between friends.

More shoddy immorality springs from a disordered or neglected mind than from any real wickedness. Also more unhappiness. To live well one must study to be quiet.

* * *

These famous writers are so divergent and provocative in their views that we have asked each of them to write a short story for JOHN BULL with the deadly sin they have chosen as its central theme.

The first of these refreshingly original tales will appear in our next issue, when Ethel Mannin contributes an absorbing study of the effects of "Moneymania" on three young lives.

They Wield Their Colossal Power over Millions—

MEN who

ROTHSCHILD, CITROËN, PELTSCHEK, MÉNIER, ELLERMAN, MOSE, ZAHAROFF, BÁTA, ULLSTEIN

Makes motor-cars and money by mass production—M. Andre Citroën

WHO are the unknown or little-known men, so powerfully rich that they would shake the world if they met with financial disaster or died suddenly and mysteriously?

Some of them no doubt are among the two hundred and forty-two sterling millionaires who, as the Treasury recently announced, live in this country, but live so obscurely that most people have never heard of more than a score of them.

Others are scattered about the world—a few of them famous, like the American multi-millionaires J. D. Rockefeller, Charles Schwab, and Henry Ford; the majority as unknown to the public as was M. Kreuger, the Swedish "Match King," whose recent sudden and tragic death caused consternation in the markets of the world.

They may not die!

Kreuger was an unobtrusive man, quite unadvertised, modest and unassuming. He would have been the first to deprecate the suggestion that he was the Rothschild of the post-war world.

Yet he was largely responsible for the finance of half a dozen States in Europe. He over-reached himself. He was apparently in financial difficulties on a colossal scale, and he preferred to end his life rather than face the crisis.

Chocolates have golden centres for him—M. Gaston Ménier

Strange that in a world which thinks in millions most of its richest men treat money with contempt, knowing that it is so easy to duplicate a fortune provided you have the first million.

Scarcely any of them take any spectacular part in public life, although in actual fact they are the men whose fortunes make international financial life possible.

When M. Loewenstein had the misfortune to fall from his aeroplane to sudden death while crossing the English Channel the event caused a sensation and almost a panic on the stock exchanges of the world.

People in this country knew little of him, except perhaps that he had a string of hunters at Market Harborough, had five secretaries and a private aeroplane. Very few were aware that this Belgian financier had operations in nearly every capital in the world and that his sudden death was immediately reflected in the budgets of Europe.

There are many men like him on the Continent to-day whose continued existence is essential to the stability of nations. Death or financial failure on the part of any one of them would have its reaction in the markets of the globe, from Shanghai to Aberdeen, in the space of a few seconds.

In this country most of us know that the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Bedford and the Earl Fitzwilliam are phenomenally wealthy.

Tight lips

But the most powerful financier in England is comparatively unknown to the man in the street. He is Sir John Ellerman—a captain of industry who hates publicity, who never obtrudes in the public eye, but who has a finger in every pie. He owns something of everything.

He is England's mystery millionaire. His fortune has been variously estimated at between ten and twenty millions, but no one really knows, for he has never told anybody.

Not very long ago another mystery millionaire died in the obscurity of his Lancaster home. He was Lord Ashton, the Linoleum King.

He was so anxious not to be well known, or even seen, that he never drove in public without having the blinds of his car drawn, and in order that no one should watch him playing golf he built his own golf course.

He died worth millions, but no one knew anything about him outside his own family and his business associates.

Czecho Slovakia is a creation of the Treaty of Versailles, although it is an ancient civilisation. It is also the nursery of multi-millionaires. In the two towns of Prague and Aussig live the two branches of the house of Peltschek.

Boots, boots, boots

The Peltscheks are Jews—strict, orthodox Jews who maintain the traditions of the tents of Israel. They may not agree among themselves, but they do not marry outside their own race. Between them they control moneys up to £40,000,000 sterling. In fact the private resources of one branch is taxed on revenues from £25,000,000.

They take little part in social or political life. They dislike fame as much as the late Lord Ashton, but their money makes its presence and significance felt in every corner of the earth.

Their family fortunes have gone on accumulating for three generations, and their banking interests stretch across the Seven Seas. But if their millions are obtrusive, the Peltscheks remain un-

(*Continued on next page*)

His finger in every pie, but he doesn't sing about it—Sir John Ellerman

Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Who Pays?

GANDHI is reported to have said that forgiveness is immoral. His view is that no one ought to be forgiven for the evil things he does; he ought to bear the penalty: to expect to get off is both cowardly and futile, for sooner or later our sin finds us out and we have to suffer for it.

Is this true? It is only half true.

The man who abuses his constitution will not find that Nature forgives him; the follies of youth have to be paid for in age.

The man who loses his good name will not find that society forgives. Wherever he goes his reputation will follow him; his record will not be forgotten.

When an ex-convict tells you he has paid for his offence and now means to run straight, he little knows the struggle in front of him. His paying is not ended when he comes out of prison.

Nor is all the paying done by the guilty. Often the heaviest part of it has to be borne by the innocent.

We send a murderer to the gallows, but perhaps the mother who loved him lives on, like John Masefield's "Widow in the Bye Street."

When you see a home that has been brought to poverty and shame through the wickedness of one member of it, you realise how impossible it is for any of us to bear the full consequences of our misdeeds alone.

America's most tangled problem just now is not that of the slump in trade, but that of disrespect for the law. It is a bad sign of the state of public morals when a child can be snatched from its cot and held to ransom or a whole township be terrorised by bandits. If scoundrels get rich by these methods it is the peaceful private citizen who pays.

But, reader, there is that in the human heart which cannot admit that this is the end of the matter. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." You need never envy the successful scoundrel, for life is so ordered that his gains will be his punishment.

And thank God for the forgiveness that comes by suffering, the suffering of those who love. We all need it, and the world would be hell without it.

It is the healing touch of Heaven.

IT'S COMING

—why not to you?

It's coming . . . to some JOHN BULL reader . . . on Friday, April 29. The Postmaster-General will see to its arrival.

It's only a telegram of a few brief words—but it would mean more than words can convey to you and those you care for.

It's the wire which will be received by somebody who enters a *Bullets* coupon this week. On its heels will follow the record reward for a few words which it announces—a £6-a-week Life Pension with £1,500 cash or 4,500 guineas in one lump sum.

It's coming . . . coming . . . Come—enter one of those coupons on page 35, and it may be addressed to you!

...could SHAKE the WORLD

known to the great mass of the people of Europe.

There is another Czecho-Slovakian whose fortune runs into ten millions. He is Tomás Báta, the Shoe King. He is a working man genius.

At Zlin he owns one of the finest model factories in the world, and quite recently he went to India by aeroplane to convince the National Congress that boots were better than sandals. Just as Kreuger made millions by realising that so long as men smoke they will strike matches, so Báta piled up wealth by commercialising the necessity of men to wear boots.

But his wealth differs from the wealth of most of the millionaires of the world. It is bound up in his factory and not distributed in the form of bankers' holdings and bundles of shares. The millions of Báta are the millions of the shoe factory of Zlin. Now he is planning to add to them by opening a British factory at East Tilbury.

Feet must be shod, so his millions grow—Shoe King Tomás Báta

"Big Bertha's" bit

Germany has passed through many financial crises since the war, and the rich men of another day are now paupers. For example, the colossal wealth of Hugo Stinnes, the great industrialist ended with the inflation of the mark. His great interests which at one time dominated Germany disappeared overnight.

The mention of Germany at once calls to mind the house of Krupp. The immense armament factory of Essen provided the Fatherland with weapons

Germany may be bankrupt, but he's a prosperer—Herr Rudolf Ullstein

enough for four and a quarter years of war. But Krupp's is now on short time and concerns itself almost entirely with the manufacture of the peaceful weapons of industry. It no longer influences German politics.

The last daughter of the house of Krupp married Herr Bohlen. Herr Bohlen is a millionaire, but he is not the richest man in Germany.

Influence millions

Germany's great industrialists and bankers to-day are not famous men. Two of the richest families are publishers and newspaper owners—the brothers Ullstein and Herr Mose. Their fortunes run into millions, although Germany as a nation is bankrupt.

And in company with them are the two great banking houses of Guttman and Sobernheim. They are names unknown among ordinary men, but they are names which control the destinies of millions of people all over the world.

Sits quiet, says nothing. And eats off gold—Sir Basil Zaharoff

The house of Rothschild has become a tradition ever since the days when Mayer Bauer, the first of his line, made a fortune by loaning money to German princelings at the sign of the Rothschild (or Red Shield) in the Frankfort Judengasse.

He doesn't worry

In spite of wars and revolutions this amazing family, which was ennobled under four different monarchies, has kept its immense fortune. The Frankfort branch managed to weather the collapse of the mark, although the Vienna connection, represented by a charming individual who preferred hunting to banking, suffered heavily in the ruin of the Crown.

The Frankfort Rothschilds join the ranks of the unobtrusive millionaires. Their wealth and influence are enormous. Yet even their riches cannot compare with those of the Baron de Rothschild, in Paris.

Baron Rothschild, from the dignified seclusion of his mansion near the Rue de Rivoli—it was once the town house of the Prince de Talleyrand—can look across the Place de la Concorde to the French House of Commons and watch the ministries come and go.

He knows that the House of Rothschild will go on for ever, owning great mansions, magnificent pictures, superb horseflesh, controlling banks all over the world, in the confidence of Governments and Embassies, feared and respected in accordance with the tradition of money.

There are other rich men in France—M. Coty, who blends perfumes and runs newspapers for a hobby—he recently used his wealth to fight the whole French Press, and won; M. Ménier, who makes chocolates and who can afford to live in an erstwhile royal chateau on the Loire; M. Citroën, who makes motor-cars and money so that he can gamble at the high table of Deauville and Cannes.

Shy old man

Here are three fortunes with which the destiny of France is irrevocably linked. The failure of any one of these men would mean a panic on the Bourse and something like national disaster.

And down in the South of France sits a quiet and shy old gentleman in a coat of powder grey cloth of the style which jarvies used to wear. He is the richest of them all, and rarely says a word. He is Sir Basil Zaharoff, one of the twenty men in this world who owns a service of gold and lapis lazuli plate and can afford to dine from it.

His money speaks

Mr. Lloyd George gave the Greek Zaharoff great honours. Sir Basil is a knight of two orders. He is one of the greatest owners of armament factories in the world. He bought Monte Carlo Casino for fun, and, although he has lived opposite it for months on end, has never been inside it.

He owns half the shares in one of Great Britain's biggest war material factories, but you cannot find his name in the records of Somerset House. He lives in complete retirement so far as the outside world is concerned, and yet Governments go out of their way to keep him well informed.

You see, he is reputed to be worth £50,000,000.

The Human Machine

Make it Easy

EFFICIENCY always compels admiration. There is something fascinating about watching a man who is a complete master of his craft. Yet the real key to efficiency is often overlooked by the very people who admire its performance.

"Perfection does not consist in doing singular things," said someone; "but it does consist in doing common things singularly well."

That is efficiency—to do common things singularly well. It can be described in another way by saying that it is the power of producing the maximum effect with the least possible expenditure of time and energy.

It is this that most people overlook. They tend to judge a man's efficiency by the noise and bustle and display that he makes.

They are woefully deceived. Noise and bustle and display are nearly always bluff to hide inefficiency. The real master of any job rarely makes any display.

The efficient man knows HOW *to work. He never has to re-do a job, for the simple reason that he takes pains to do it properly the first time.*

Efficiency is worth cultivating, even in the smallest things we do; for it is never work that is unpleasant—it is work done in the wrong way that galls. It is effort and strain that makes work unpleasant, that destroys mental health, and makes the unskilful worker a trial to himself and everyone round him.

There is no virtue in turning work into hard labour; for to expect that the amount of effort we expend will determine the amount of work we shall get done is a gross fallacy. Other things being equal, the more easily we work the more we shall accomplish; and it is precisely this ease of working that is the hall-mark of true efficiency.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to WINSTON CHURCHILL

There's NO ROOM for YOU

DEAR WINSTON, — When, years ago, you were driven out of Leicester, where you stood for Parliament, with shouts of "Gallipoli! Gallipoli! Gallipoli!" I really thought you might retire from public life.

I thought you had discovered then that the public were tired of your long succession of blunders, which, while they did not cost you one wink of sleep, cost the country millions and millions of pounds and many, many lives, and that you would turn author, or painter, or bricklayer—for your gifts are multifarious—and retire into the country.

Alas, you found that retirement at Epping, from the forest glades of which, however, you soon emerged to excuse yourself in books, to proclaim yourself in speeches, to practise new political gymnastics, to contradict, indeed, everything you did the year before!

For, during my knowledge of you, you have believed in almost everything, and believed it at the time so thoroughly that your life has consisted in undoing what you had sought to do a few years before.

* * *

Why, it is not long ago that you were in favour of nationalising the railways! Now the very word "nationalisation" makes you gnash your teeth.

I remember you as a violent Free Trader. I know you now as a virulent Protectionist. I have known you as a fervent Liberal. I know you now as a fervid Tory. Your life, of all the political lives of our time, has consisted of walking a tight-rope, for which I and my kind have had to pay. It is time somebody cut the rope.

Your belief in the gold standard, which is a mere dodge by which sordid financial trusts seek to manipulate everything on which everybody else lives, cost this country countless millions of pounds.

Nobody blames you. Your artfulness in escaping the consequences of your misplaced enthusiasm is unequalled in the political history of this land.

"What a brilliant writer Winston is!" people say. Whenever I glance at one of your war books I find they are like all other war books, in the sense that they excuse the author.

Why people read war books by statesmen I can never understand. They rewrite merely those facts that are on the author's side.

Why, you have even justified the sacrifice of all those mere boys at Antwerp. Gallipoli looks almost like a victory when you have done with it, so much so that people forget how, very largely, Russia's attitude towards us to-day is revenge for your attacks on Russia, with troops that did not want to serve—many of them Jews, who were killing Jews on the other side.

* * *

Indeed, your plottings with the White Russians was one of the most retrogressive actions which followed the war.

Still, your family has not always come out of war with untarnished glory. The founder of your family—the so-called "great Churchill" — was engaged in transactions of which, if you remember, Parliament did not exactly approve.

You regard politics as an expression of your own egregious vanity. Your very cleverness is your undoing.

I remember the late Lord Birkenhead telling me, in one of those outbursts of candour for which he was famous—this was just after he had become Secretary of State for India—that he thought Stanley Baldwin was the worst Prime Minister this country had ever had—yes, worse even than Addington.

He was talking, mind you, of his own Prime Minister, and so loudly that the waiter could hear.

"Wait till Winston gets back," Birkenhead went on. "When he sits on one side of Baldwin, and I sit on the other —well, you will see something."

Not long afterwards—you had recently changed your politics again—you were back, and whatever ameliorative schemes the gentle Baldwin had planned for a better England all disappeared. He never had the courage of your opinions.

Now, of course, he has dropped you for good. There is no room for you even in a Cabinet which can contain almost anybody, whatever his belief or disbelief.

Because of clumsy statesmanship such as yours and Birkenhead's, Ireland now has a De Valera Government, for you and your kind have blown both hot and cold. And in your blowing, the fire of friendship has been nearly extinguished. In spite of you, it flickers still.

Now that the Empire is thinking in terms of new freedom in regard to India, you talk quite openly of machine-guns for Gandhi, calmly expecting, no doubt, that everybody will turn them but yourself.

While trying to be such a new-fashioned Liberal that you have often eaten your own words and then spat them out again, you have become such an old-fashioned Tory that the young Conservatives are centuries in front of you.

Indeed, of Tory democracy, your father's creation, you have made a mock. You represent an old world, with its love of Power and its worship of Might and its seeking for high places.

You have just come back from the United States, "perturbed" at the condition of Ireland. You should be perturbed at the condition of yourself. You have been lecturing America. Please do not lecture us. Go back to America. After all, you are half an American.

I have often noticed that, usually, the most bombastic of our so-called Imperialists have foreign blood in their veins.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir DONALD MACLEAN,
President of the Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—A South Coast school, attended by seventeen children, was recently found to be conducted in the basement of a house by two elderly women.

This is a typical example of the unhealthy and inefficient private schools which have often been exposed in these columns.

Now the registration and compulsory inspection of all private schools is proposed by a departmental committee set up by your predecessor. I trust you will quickly introduce legislation to give effect to its recommendations. They are long overdue.

JOHN BULL.

Lord WAKEFIELD,
Hythe, Kent

DEAR LORD WAKEFIELD,—Once again you have stepped into the breach.

Your munificent gift of £25,000 to the Imperial Institute has relieved the authorities of much anxiety, since the financial position demands economies that would have been detrimental to the work carried on by the Institute.

The "oil" you have contributed will certainly lubricate its wheels!

JOHN BULL.

Herr HITLER,
Berlin

MEIN HERR,—I like your nerve!

Germany won't have you as her President, and the Fascist organisation you control has not yet formed a Government. Yet you are forming secret groups of German Fascists in England to persuade our M.P.s to support your foreign policy.

Well, there's no harm in trying. But the English don't like such methods—whether they are used by Fascists or Communists.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. C. MORTON,
Coroner for Sunderland

DEAR SIR,—A deplorable story was told at the inquest you held on a man killed by a fall of stone at Silksworth Colliery.

The man's leg was amputated by an ambulance man who did not call a doctor, and, though nothing could have saved the man's life, you found that for twelve months no doctor had been brought to any serious accident at the mine.

You demand an instant remedy to this state of affairs. I go farther—this scandal should be investigated by the Ministry of Mines.

JOHN BULL.

"PUP,"
Alton, Hampshire

DEAR DOGGIE,—I don't usually like dogs that bite their masters, but I make an exception in your case. So does the National Canine Defence League, for it has awarded you a bronze medal.

Why? Because, when your master's house caught fire, you jumped on his bed and bit him, thus warning him that it was time to wake up!

My dog says the breed is proud of you, and I think he's a little jealous, too.

JOHN BULL.

Brig.-Gen. E. W. SPEDDING,
Windybrow, Keswick

GALLANT SIR,—Complaining of the extravagance of local councils, you mention as an example that they "let the tramps have spring mattresses on their beds."

I do not call it extravagant to give an exhausted down-and-out something softer than a plank to sleep on.

Public money is spent lavishly and foolishly in many directions, perhaps most of all in the profession you adorn, but—well, would you like to "sleep rough" in an English winter, General?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. RUGGMAN,
Wickham Bishops, Essex

DEAR RUGGMAN,—When an explosion occurred in the laundry room of her Essex home, Lady Crittall—by whom you were employed as chauffeur-gardener—was quickly enveloped in flames.

The door was jammed, but you promptly dashed to the shattered window and, though you were badly burned about the face and hands, managed to drag her from the flames, though her injuries proved fatal.

You are a man after my own heart.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. H. ISON,
St. Thomas' Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne

REVEREND SIR,—You are one of those clergymen who are not aloof from the pleasures of the people, since you are a regular kinema-goer.

But, by loudly protesting, in a Newcastle kinema, that the film being shown was disgusting, you merely helped to give it publicity, though I admire your courage.

There are other ways of protesting. After all, a man who interrupts a church service is in danger of being arrested as a brawler.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES MILES,
York Road, Southampton

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on reaching the age of one hundred and one, and may you long continue to enjoy your present good health and nightly pint of beer!

"Don't fad and don't worry" is your message.

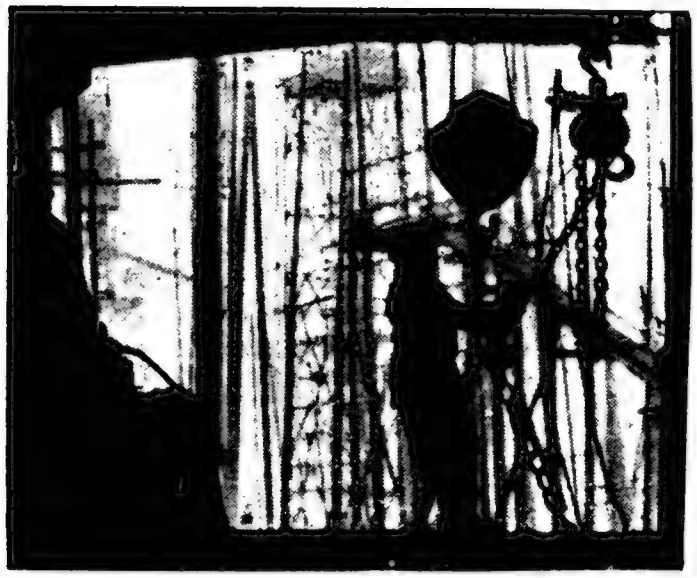
This is the sound practical philosophy I admire. There'd be a lot less trouble if we all followed it!

JOHN BULL.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL: Whitehall should follow your example of encouraging ideas. Glad another £250 has just been awarded for such ideas for improving postal service, bringing total up to £7,000.—JOHN BULL.

A. G. Gardiner *asks*—

What will Neville do with it?



The shadow which darkens industry — will the Budget surplus be used to stimulate trade?

WE are just entering upon a new financial year. The year that has closed has been the most sensational in our financial history. It began last April with Mr. Snowden's Budget, which, if not dishonest, was certainly grossly misleading.

That Budget pretended to establish equilibrium between revenue and expenditure. It did so by ignoring the terrific factor of the enormous and increasing demands of unemployment insurance upon the national Exchequer. This failure to warn the country of the peril in which it stood in the spring aggravated the crash when it came four months later.

The crash brought with it the overthrow of the Government, a financial panic, a thrilling General Election, the departure from the gold standard, the introduction of a supplementary Budget with a severe turn of the screw of taxation, and ultimately the adoption of Protection.

Cloud lifted

We look back now upon that drama as a complete episode. We are not out of the danger zone, for the simple reason that the world is not out of the danger zone. Until there is a recovery in world conditions our own position cannot be secure.

But in so far as this country is the master of its own destiny we can claim to have put our house in order. By heavier taxes, by universal cuts in civil service salaries, by eliminating the grave abuses of the "dole," and by stern economies in all directions, the Budget is balanced.

When Mr. Neville Chamberlain rises in the House of Commons on the 19th to introduce his Budget for 1932-33 he will be able to tell the world that we have survived the shock of last summer unshaken.

Instead of having to announce a vast deficit which would have shattered our credit he will be in the position to report a substantial balance in hand. The full returns are not yet before us, but the surplus will not be less than £13,000,000 and may be as much as £20,000,000.

Indeed, as I write, news comes to me that the last week rush of income tax has been so extraordinary that the surplus may be still higher.

World's acclamation

This is an achievement on which the nation is entitled to feel a justifiable pride. It has responded to a great emergency in a great spirit. Never before in peace time have such crushing demands been made upon the taxpayer, and, to the astonishment and admiration of the whole world, never have taxes been paid with such promptitude.

What Mr. Chamberlain will do with his surplus can only be surmised. In the ordinary course it would go to the sinking fund in pursuance of the heroic debt redemption policy we have pursued since the war.

It is improbable that that course will be followed on this occasion. In the present stress and strain we ought not to attempt to redeem debt on the scale of the past dozen years at the expense of the overburdened taxpayer.

Moreover, the surplus will be needed to meet such contingencies as the capital loss on our borrowings last summer. That loss is due to our departure from the gold standard, for we have to repay those borrowings not in sterling but in gold francs and gold dollars.

It is when we come to the bearing of the Budget on the prospects of the financial year which is just beginning that speculation becomes exciting. Will Mr. Chamberlain be able to forecast a surplus? What will it be? What will he do with it?

In regard to the first question, there is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain will answer in the affirmative.

It is true that in September, when Lord Snowden introduced his supplementary Budget, he issued a forecast also for 1932-33 based on the new taxation, according to which there would only be a surplus of £1,400,000. His estimate of income was £801,700,000, and of expenditure £800,300,000.

But since then something has happened. Protection has been put on the Statute Book, and the 10 per cent. tariff which is now in force is estimated to produce £25,000,000. This, with some modifications in other directions, will be the main source of whatever surplus Mr. Chamberlain may expect to have. It should be not less than £20,000,000, and it is unlikely to be more than £30,000,000.

This is, of course, assuming that expectations are realised. They may not be.

Income tax, which at the moment looks like realising more than the Snowden estimate of £272,000,000 for last year, is unlikely to be so productive this. Profits are at the lowest point which has been touched since the war. Everywhere dividends are passed or declared on a lower scale.

In the doldrums

All the great staple industries are in the doldrums. Railway earnings have shrunk by millions. Industrial catastrophies have hit the investing public in a thousand ways.

Moreover, if there is no settlement of Reparations and War Debts, Europe will drift to an even deeper abyss than it has yet touched, and all the calculations on which Mr. Chamberlain founds his Budget may be upset.

But let us take the cheerful view. Let us assume that things improve and that Mr. Chamberlain's anticipations are fulfilled. He will have then, as I have said, a surplus of £20,000,000 to £30,000,000—perhaps even more.

What ought he to do with it?

The claims are many and weighty. The most obvious is the demand for a reduction of the income tax. That impost, standing at the rate of 5s. in the £, is admittedly harsh. It is a crushing burden on the individual and it is a severe hindrance to industry.

But I do not think Mr. Chamberlain would be justified in lightening it now. Sixpence off the income tax (leaving the sur-tax untouched) would swallow up his entire surplus on the basis of present income, and that would be unfair to the general public, who are entitled to equality of relief.

Nor in present conditions is it possible for Mr. Chamberlain to use his modest surplus in restoring the cuts in wages or cuts in unemployment pay. The outlook is still far too dark for that. Moreover, the question of unemployment pay should await the issue of the final report of the Holman Gregory Commission.

Up his sleeve—?

The surplus would be much more wisely used in helping the general consumer through relief of indirect taxation, especially in view of the fact that the imposition of a tariff will inevitably raise the cost of living.

If there is anything over for the relief of direct taxation it should be applied to lightening the burden on company reserves as a means of stimulating trade, now largely paralysed by lack of capital.

It may be that Mr. Chamberlain has something up his sleeve which will give him a larger apparent surplus and enable him to do bolder things.

It is rumoured that he contemplates putting the duty back on foreign tea and increasing the duty on imported sugar. If he does this he will substantially enhance his surplus. He may even find himself in the position to lower the income tax by sixpence.

But if he does this he must do other things. He must remember the claims of the lower grades of the public services—education, Army, Navy, and so on—who have been called upon to suffer serious cuts and who, on the principle of equality of sacrifice, are entitled to their share of any available surplus.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mary Pickford Extols—

The Privileges of Prison!

I AM the sweetheart of the world,
I reign by right of beauty;
Though queenship brings its burdens I,
Despite all inconvenience, try
To do my regal duty.

Rank has its obligations, so
I must go here and there
And by the populace be seen,
For loyal subjects at their Queen
Are gratified to stare.

When filming's over for the day,
I'm still required to act;
With gracious smile and queenly speech,
High moral lessons one can teach—
If well supplied with tact!

But while choice precepts I instil,
Some critics, most contrary,
Cantankerously rise to state
Their view that they have had of late
Too much of little Mary!

It is really most distressing when a world's sweetheart goes about dropping wise words and is accused of dropping bricks, which is what I have been accused of doing because I offered a few helpful thoughts to 600 women inmates of the Welfare Island Prison.

Yet I feel sure that nothing could have been more inspiring than my few well-chosen remarks. I told the prisoners that I regarded setbacks such as they had experienced as a privilege, as "they bring out the finer things in you," and I was naturally pained when this uplifting sentiment was greeted with bitter laughter and sarcastic lip-smacking.

However, I wasn't daunted, so I went on to tell them that they were getting spiritual exercise for their muscles and would live to be thankful for the hard time they were undergoing.

I must frankly admit that I did not make quite such a big hit as an uplift lecturer as I have often made as a film actress. But this is because I was sadly misunderstood.

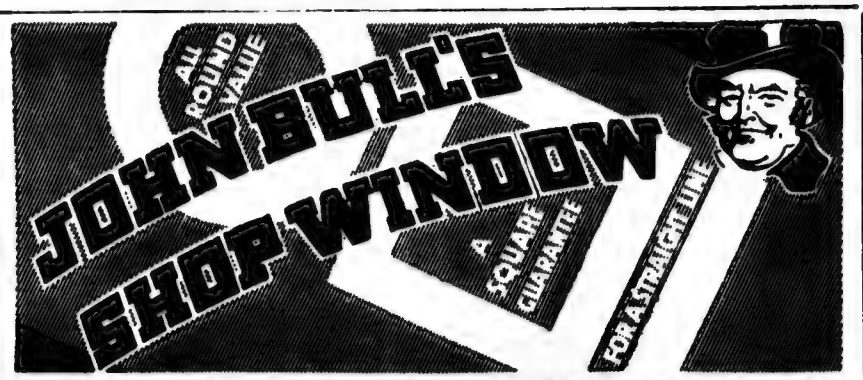
Seeing me arrive in a luxurious motor-car and wearing elegant clothes, those women convicts were foolish enough to envy me. They thought, poor, misguided dears! that I could know nothing of real, soul-searing hardship!

But, as I told them, women prisoners in an American jail live a life of sheltered luxury compared with Hollywood film stars. I told them how we poor film stars have to live up to our positions day and night, wear good clothes, morning, noon and evening, and be always at the mercy of photographers and publicity men.

Yet they listened to this heartbreaking story unmoved. It is sad to find how insensitive some people can be!

If you only knew, my sisters, what a
mournful life is mine,
I am sure I'd have your heartfelt
sympathy.
I know you think that film stars live on
kisses and on wine,
And you actually envy slaves like me!
Which only goes to show how very blind
you are and silly,
For you are much more happy sewing
sacks and eating skilly!

If I only could, my sisters, I would gladly
change my place
For yours, since I hold strongly to the
view
That misery and hardship are the making
of the race.
But, alas! I have so many things to do,
That I really haven't time to do much
more, howe'er I try,
Than say a few bright, tactful words, and
bid you all good-bye!



PAGE 3 CONTAINS ANOTHER BIG DISPLAY OF BARGAINS

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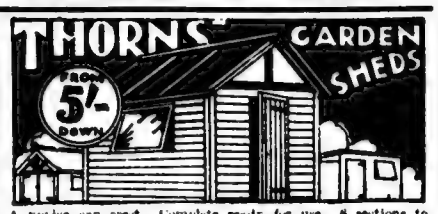

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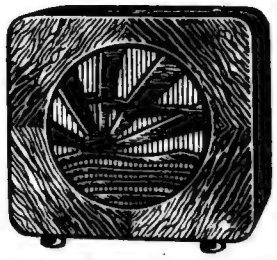

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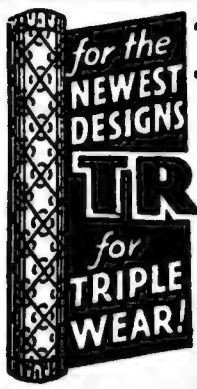

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VALUE 3D

CASH THE COUPON!

Marquis *in* £700,000 *Crash*

GERMANS have always been recognised as possessing unique gifts for producing ingenious patents; but a certain Professor Schmid, from Berlin, has not lived up to his national reputation in this respect, and countless British investors are the poorer in consequence.

Yet he has enjoyed advantages seldom available for British inventors, for his schemes were sponsored by no less distinguished a personage than the Marquis of Winchester.

Schmid's aim in life was to introduce the world to a wonderful new substance known as "Metduro," for which amazing qualities were claimed.

It could not burn; was waterproof; could be moulded into any form or shape without pressure, and solidified under the action of moderate heat.

Unlimited possibilities were promised. Complete bedroom suites could be manufactured from "Metduro" with all the appearance and beauty of any natural wood.

Sky's the limit

Real works of art could be produced, even down to specimen cabinets with intricate inlay work.

According to the published accounts of its virtues, it seemed almost a foregone conclusion that the use of wood for furniture-making would soon be considered obsolete.

This same substance, too, could be used for the manufacture of ornaments and electrical appliances. The possibilities were, in fact, boundless.

So, under the patronage of the Marquis of Winchester, a company sprang into being, taking its name from the professor's revolutionary invention—Metduro, Ltd.

On the strength of the claims we have indicated it had a nominal capital of £700,000, the bulk of which was readily subscribed by people who were led to believe that they would reap quick returns.

On the board of Metduro, Ltd., with the Marquis, appeared a man named J. Leonard Blum, who has figured in other company fiascos.

Schmid received an initial payment of £27,000 in cash for his wonderful invention, together with a present of £2,500 free shares in the company.

But in spite of all the convincing promises, the sorry fact is now revealed that not a single article has yet been manufactured from the Metduro plastic process!

No modern young couple can boast a Metduro suite in their new home; nor can they feast their eyes upon a gem of ultra-modern plastic pottery to replace the more prosaic efforts of Dresden or Wedgwood.

The ugly fact is that investors have lost every penny they put into the scheme—and lost it, we fear, irretrievably.

They didn't sleep

Unfortunately, as is so often the case in these days, neither the Marquis nor his co-directors had any specialised knowledge of the particular commercial fields in which Metduro was to compete.

That perhaps explains, to some degree at any rate, why the glowing prospectus on which the colossal capital was raised did not give details of any expert test carried out with Metduro before it was purchased from the German inventor.

The Stock Exchange, however, was not so sleepy. It carried out its own investigation and, discovering serious discrepancies in the prospectus, showed its disapproval by refusing to allow any dealings with Metduro shares.

Public money to the tune of £450,000 was, according to the prospectus, to be set aside as working capital. But at the close of the first year's trading there were not only no profits from the exploitation of the magical process, but much of the paid-up capital had disappeared.

Moreover, the company negotiated a loan of £27,000 and owed approximately £120,000 to "associated companies" in which the Marquis of Winchester and his Metduro friends were likewise interested.

Puzzled investors

Yet not one single penny was raised from the plastic process that was to revolutionise trade!

In addition, all kinds of intricate financial deals were revealed running into colossal sums to the dismay of puzzled shareholders.

Here, again, it is companies in the same group that are involved.

Eventually, the Marquis of Winchester and the other original directors resigned.

Then revelation followed revelation. The factory that had been opened at Waltham Cross for the manufacture of Metduro, though originally priced among the assets in the balance-sheet at £170,000, dropped in value to £55,000 and was unrealisable at that!

It now transpires that the company made an allotment of shares that was not valid under its own articles of association!

When the original directors resigned High Court actions were started against the company involving sums in the neighbourhood of £50,000.

The new directors were faced with claims from a German company amounting to over £80,000, arising out of contracts from which the company had derived not the slightest benefit.

Is it then surprising that the company went recently into liquidation? Already the liquidators' costs have amounted to a further £11,445.

The company's affairs to-day are in chaos. Associate concerns controlled by the same directors are lodging formidable claims for services rendered, while the shareholders have now to face the fact that some of their property—including the factory at Waltham Cross—has been handed over to a creditor in part payment of the disputed debt of £80,000!

He must tell

It is an interesting sidelight on the operations of the original directors of the company that they bought this property for £65,000 and sold it to the Metduro concern for no less than £145,000!

The whole thing is a shameful scandal and the shareholders should demand a Board of Trade inquiry.

The Marquis of Winchester, when he entered company life, was undoubtedly actuated by the best intentions.

But this is only one of many disastrous concerns with which he has been associated and, though he has latterly been made bankrupt in connection with some of the uninspiring ventures in which he has figured, a full explanation is due from him concerning the crash of this Metduro flotation.

He, and the others who sat with him on the original board of Metduro, Ltd., should certainly make some statement as to how such amazing calamities were ever brought about.

We look to the Board of Trade to institute an enquiry without any further delay.

The Marquis of Winchester must explain

CAPTAIN'S Property CATCH

QUICK estate and property swindles are the stock-in-trade of a much-sought trickster who calls himself Captain Anthony Malcolm Finlay, and the story of one of his recent coups will serve as a general warning.

Establishing himself in a furnished flat at Dovercourt, Essex, not long ago, he became friendly with the owner and suggested that they might engage in local property deals to their mutual advantage.

The propositions he suggested all sounded decidedly attractive, so it was agreed that they should enter into partnership straightaway.

Together they visited a local estate-office and obtained orders to view all likely properties. Captain Finlay was strongly in favour of acquiring certain premises, but insisted that extensive alterations must be carried out.

* * *

The price asked was £2,000, but the captain refused to give his definite decision until he had consulted his solicitors.

Privately, he confided to his partner that the property would be a bargain if he could get it "at his price."

Meanwhile, there was business to be attended to in London; would the partner be good enough to handle that, while he discussed the transaction with the solicitors?

The partner innocently went off on the business errand entrusted to him, and while in London received a wire from the captain saying that the solicitors had succeeded in beating down the price to a reasonable figure.

He advised paying a deposit immediately to clinch the deal, and would be obliged if the partner would wire him £110.

This request was immediately complied with, but when the partner returned he found that the plausible Captain Anthony Malcolm Finlay had disappeared from Dovercourt, leaving no clue to his destination.

He still cannot be found, and fresh complaints are now mounting up against him.

BURIED ALIVE!

How John Bull was once buried by shell fire is described in a letter received from Mr. Jack Rodwell, of Wakering Road, Shoeburyness. It happened during the third battle of Ypres, when our reader was carrying a copy of John Bull in his pocket. "We both got buried by shell fire," he says.

This experience was mentioned by him in acknowledging a cheque under John Bull's Free Insurance scheme on account of an accident met with when playing football.

John Bull's Free Insurance also covers Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness and Home Accidents. All benefits are subject to a special 10 per cent. bonus payable to readers registered for three months or more. Turn to page 12, on which you will find further proof of the supremacy of John Bull's Great Free Family Insurance.

TATTOO *Sequel*

READERS will be pleased to learn that, following our disclosures regarding the allocation of the Aldershot Tattoo funds, Tommy Atkins is to receive material benefit.

We declared that not enough was being done for those who stood most in need of help and mentioned, among other deserving charities, the case of Queen Mary's Home for Children.

This is a haven to which soldiers send their children to be looked after when the mothers are ill, and it has always been necessary to charge the fathers from 1s. to 3s. 2d. a day, according to their rank.

Now, the Aldershot Command Trust, which is responsible for distributing grants from the yearly takings of the Tattoo, has decided to help.

The lowest charge will in future be 6d. a day; the highest 1s. 7d.—a 50 per cent. cut that will be much appreciated by soldiers whose limited means are already heavily taxed.

We hope that this will mark the beginning of further charitable concessions on the lines advocated by us. The Trust can well afford to be generous.

Straight Talk to Leg Sufferers

By "VERAX."

If you are a Bad Leg Sufferer, then read my remarks below. Every word is true, and gives sound advice to you. I write of a famous TREATMENT for leg troubles, which is a thoroughly genuine treatment and carried out by genuine people.

Under this Treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted. WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAS BEEN REFUSED BY THE MEDICAL STAFF, RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH IN THEIR OPINION WERE NOT SUITABLE. Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement being absolutely true furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. My advice is—Do not let your own leg trouble become incurable. Read on, and write for the book mentioned below, which tells you all about the Tremol Treatment and how your leg can be made well now—before it is too late. The Book is priced 3s. 6d., but is sent free to sufferers.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. What of it? Don't tinker with it. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. You cannot possibly heal that wound by the usual methods. You cannot heal it with Ointment, and you cannot heal it with Lotion. You cannot heal it with bathing. You cannot heal it with Medicine. It will only get larger and more painful until you are crippled. You probably know this from experience. There is a reason. All the stuff in the chemist shops will not avail. There is not a drug in the British Pharmacopœia which will of itself cure a Varicose Ulcer. Doctors know this to be true. Your leg requires more than drugs. It requires experience, skill and knowledge.

Wrong Treatment will make the wound larger and the pain more dreadful to bear. One example of wrong Treatment is carbolic dressings. This fatal drug has ruined thousands of legs. While giving a false temporary sense of ease, this drug gnaws and eats away the good sound flesh around the edges of the wound. Carbolic makes the wound larger and larger and the nerves more sensitive and irritable until a cure becomes almost impossible. Need I describe the almost ceaseless day and night torture that comes with a leg wound or ulcer? No one can describe it. The suffering is often beyond words. You know it all. To still the pain everything is tried. Poultices, lotions ointments, resting, medicines and the well-meant advice of friends around. It is all in vain! What must the sufferer do? I will tell you. There is one way in which you surely can heal that wound. Write for the Book, and you will know how. The Book is free to you.

A WORD ABOUT THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS, which you think look so unsightly. They are almost too painful and heavy to drag along. What do they indicate? A swollen leg indicates the development of a Varicose Leg, the coming of painful ulcers, the day and night torture of white leg, the swelling means over-charged blood vessels and lymphatics, which will soon be at bursting point. In short, a very BAD LEG. What will cure your swollen leg? What will take away those unsightly swollen ankles? Not resting in bed—you know that. When you get up from bed and go about the swelling comes back again, does it not? The vessels of your leg are clogged, over-charged, stretched at high tension. You should get those swollen legs cured before it is too late. But how? That is the question. Not by rubbing them, not by resting in bed. Not by applying Lotion. No. You must get at the root cause. You must remove the cause. The Book tells you how you can cure your swollen leg at home in comfort, and with ease. Write for it to-day and read it.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES. — What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and the shins, that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle. The itching, irritation, burning and smarting and the intolerable daily annoyance. Get rid of all this. Have done for ever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it.

Perhaps you suffer from Varicose weeping Eczema. The pathological process is as follows. Owing to the congestion of blood in the surface veins of the leg the skin becomes fiery red and inflamed. The threadlike surface veins and cell walls rupture under this congestion and discharge a watery fluid. This is weeping Eczema. Prior to this weeping the itching, irritation and burning have been intense, owing to pent-up fluid under the skin irritating the nerve endings. The leg goes on weeping, and with the escape of fluid the itching and irritation become relieved. The escaped fluid dries and forms scales on the skin. These scales seal up the pores and cells of the skin. More fluid accumulates under the sealed-up skin and the terrible itching and irritation begin once more. This is only relieved when the vessels and cells burst again through the Eczematous skin. Such is a typical case of Weeping Varicose Eczema, and perhaps it is your case. If so, you must get cured. Sign the Coupon below and get the book.

CONSIDER THOSE SWOLLEN, PAINFUL KNEES AND JOINTS. They require correct and proper Treatment before it is too late. If there is a gnawing or cutting pain at the joint, if the knee is tender and swollen, if the joint cracks and creaks with movement. If it is stiff when you arise to walk after resting, it is high time you gave the matter serious attention. Trying a "bit of this" and a "bit of that" will bring no lasting good. Possibly your trouble is Synovitis or Rheumatism or Arthritis. It is important to know and act. Fibrosities may be growing around the joint, to fix it like a vice. Then it will be too late. There is little hope for a fixed ankylosed joint. The ravages of prolonged Arthritis can never be undone. Some joint troubles never can be cured. There is, however, an earlier stage of hope and cure. Do not let joint troubles grow worse until too late.

Sign the coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS. —There comes a time when Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the World could not cure them. They cannot be cured by an operation, for if they are cut out the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed too. Delay and neglect with increasing tensions in the vessels will so stretch the vein walls that the veins lose all elasticity. They will become like an overstretched and slack piece of ruined elastic. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the Veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

Why trifle with your Bad Leg troubles? More than all, your leg needs proper attention. Buying "a bit of this" and "a bit of that" never does any lasting good. Why not get your leg cured? Sign the Coupon below and get the Book. IT IS FREE. You will then have taken the great step towards lasting relief from all leg worry.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to Sufferers. If you suffer—from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, ECZEMA, WEEPING VARICOSE ECZEMA, PSORIASIS LEGS or VARICOSE VEINS, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Fill in the Coupon and post to-day and your letter will have my immediate attention.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON.

Address: **NATIONAL COLLEGE, WARD B.L.**
GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send valuable book and all particulars of Treatment free of charge.

Name.....
Mr. Mrs. or Miss
Address.....
.....
State Complaint.....

"Bishop's" Temple of Monstrous Rites

We think the police should devote some attention to a strange "Temple" in the heart of Knightsbridge, London, which though recently opened, is attracting a growing number of people.

The presiding genius is a comparatively young man of many names and titles, including those of "James the First" and "Bishop James."

Assisting him in the dissemination of his weird doctrines are other men of all ages known variously as "Father"—"Father Henry," "Father Francis," and "Father Charles."

The "Temple" constitutes the headquarters of this cult, which are to be found in Basil Street, Knightsbridge, W., and are known as "The Sanctuary."

Though ordinary members of the public are admitted to certain meetings, the "Sanctuary" is reserved for those who have taken an oath of allegiance to the "Bishop," and who have agreed to contribute to the support of the establishment.

Blasphemous shams

It is at these "inner" gatherings that mysterious rituals are favoured.

The semi-religious atmosphere with which all proceedings are invested is a blasphemous sham. Bishop James's teachings are not only unorthodox but are the outcome of a monstrous mixture of Eastern doctrines and physical adoration.

His discourses are chiefly confined to intimate analyses of sex. He is always amazingly frank about his attitude towards women, and unblushingly confesses that he does not believe in marriage.

His "Temple" is magnificently appointed. It boasts an altar, decorated with strange symbols; there is a massive golden cross, and tall candlesticks help to foster the cathedral atmosphere. An organ is also installed.

But there are weird pictures on the walls and many services are conducted in semi-darkness, save that a naked figure of the god Apollo is conspicuously illuminated by a ray of light directed from the ceiling.

Most of the Bishop's teachings centre around this figure.

Dressed in magnificent robes, as in the picture reproduced here, he chants and croons about love and sex to a low musical accompaniment. The atmosphere is always heavy with incense; and sometimes, making mystic obeisance before the god, the Bishop pours forth a torrent of gibberish.

Bishop James, the Patriarch of Windsor —otherwise plain James Banks

It would be all nonsense but for the obvious dangers to impressionable and hysterical young people who have come under the Bishop's influence.

James is a humbug of the most dangerous type. His impudent pretensions alone stamp him as a rogue, for he claims to be the last dedicated Bishop of the Old Roman Catholic Church, which is traced to the nomination by Louis XIV. of France of a person named Count Cardinal Antonio Barberini.

Brazen lies

The Count was a nephew of Pope Urban VIII., and was consecrated in the Church of the Sorbonne, Paris, in 1657.

James pretends that he was consecrated in the proper line of succession, in 1922, by Bishop Arnold Mathew, the last Bishop of the Old Roman Catholic Church, which he now describes as the Independent Catholic Church.

This is a quite unrecognised body.

The truth is that James was "consecrated" a Bishop by a pervert named Francis Willoughby, whose name is tarnished very sordidly in Church records.

Willoughby was at one time Vicar of St. John's Church, Stockton-on-Tees, preaching Christianity in the pulpit but indulging in unnatural practices in private, and incidentally misappropriating his church funds as well.

In consequence of complaints from parents that the Vicar was giving secret and revolting instruction to young members of his congregation, Willoughby was ordered to appear before a Consistory Court on a series of appalling charges.

Prudence prompted him to resign his clerical post and the scandal was thus ended.

Golden throne

Yet, in some remarkable way, he managed to worm his way into the inner conclaves of the Old Roman Catholic Church, the head of which was then the late Bishop Mathew.

He cunningly deceived Bishop Mathew, whose movement is, of course, quite legitimate, and was expelled from its ranks when his real character was discovered.

He then formed the "Independent Catholic Church."

Willoughby, who later opened his own private chapel in Kent, was really the person who, entirely without right or merit, "consecrated" Bishop James!

And James has come under our notice before in connection with past enterprises. We last heard of him in 1924, when he had not blossomed forth with such magnificence as he at present enjoys.

He then presided over a "Sanctuary" in Maiden Lane, London, W.C., known as the "Church of Sacrifice." Ex-Service men were his chief prey, and he extracted fees from them for initiation into his queer doctrines.

Scotland Yard detectives eventually kept the premises under observation following complaints regarding the "services" held there, and as a result the "Church of Sacrifice" was closed.

Then James withdrew to the Royal Burgh of Windsor, where he called himself "His Excellency the Patriarch of Windsor," and sat upon what he termed an "Archiepiscopal" throne of gold!

He wore a jewelled cross on a slender gold chain; gold tassels adorned his robes. His aim, he declared to those whose support he sought, was to found a mother-cathedral, for which he was anxious to raise £20,000.

He even pictured the day when he would reign supreme in this new cathedral with a body-guard of ex-officers and men in resplendent blue and white uniforms of his own design!

Who?

His dreams were shattered when the military authorities found that young soldiers were straying to his "palace," which was a private house, transformed by the addition of an altar and his usual impressive paraphernalia.

Who, then, is this singular personage, who entertains such exalted ideas and who is now so actively engaged in spreading his strange doctrines?

He is really plain James Banks, a farmer's boy, obsessed by his queer mixture of religion and sex.

It is a shameful scandal that publicity is the only means by which his activities can be stopped.

FOLLOW the Sergeant-Major!

It took Mr. William Pulham, ex-Company Sergeant-Major of Marines and retired schoolmaster, just an hour to win outright the big prize in our Crossword Competition No. 156.

Mr. Pulham, who lives at 27, Trinity Road, Wallasey, was the only competitor to send in an all-correct solution, and thus had the choice of a life-pension of £3 a week, or £1,250. He has chosen the lump sum.

"I suffer from acute bronchitis," Mr. Pulham said, "and retired with a small pension just sufficient for me to pay my way. This sum is an absolute godsend, and has lifted us out of our difficulties.

"Had I been younger, I would, of course, have taken the prize in the form of £3 per week. As it is, my wife and myself will have a holiday, we will help the three youngsters a little, and the remainder will be divided between my wife and I and placed in the bank, giving us security for the future."

This is Mr. Pulham's tip to other competitors: "Use common-sense, and if there is a funny solution use it, because I think John Bull has a generous strain of humour.

"I have been solving cross-words since they first started as a pleasurable pastime, and as a schoolmaster I would urge anyone to do them if only for the sake of the pleasure and instruction they give. They not only extend one's vocabulary; they improve one's spelling.

"It was not until eighteen months or two years ago that I took them up in a competitive spirit. Since then I have entered John Bull competitions regularly, with the dictionary as my only aid."

"I shall continue to send in my solutions," were his closing words.

* * *

Another Life Pension of £3 weekly is waiting for somebody on page 32. Follow the Sergeant-Major and win a huge prize for filling up a few squares!

Arrest Him!

A TRAGIC caller at this office last week was a man who had lost his entire life savings—a matter of £100.

With tears in his eyes, he related how he had been one of a number of investors in a scheme for marketing such novelties as broom-holders, hygienic milk pourers, and patent curtain hooks.

He was armed with a sheaf of attractively printed matter, setting forth the virtues of these and similar articles, but the promises held out had not matured.

The man who had taken his savings, offering him employment in return, had let him down. Although he had spoken of brisk business to be done in supplying chemical products, patent medicines, beauty preparations, grocery products and household labour-saving devices, the promised job had never materialised.

On demanding the return of his money the investor had been handed a cheque that had been dishonoured!

The tragedy is that this man, and others who have been similarly robbed, might have saved their money had they been readers of John Bull.

For the employer who was so full of promises and so empty of fulfilment is Percy Swinford Harrison, who has latterly operated at 7-8, Little Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

He is an ex-convict, who has long preyed upon the unemployed in this despicable fashion.

It is now clear that the police must intervene.

THE
HEAVYWEIGHT

Cadbury's 2d. milk bar is now increased in weight—you get more for your money. There is as much chocolate in five 2d. wrapped bars to-day as there was in six bars in 1930.

Made with full-cream BRITISH milk.

QUALITY UNCHANGED Cadbury's 1d and ½d. milk bars also increased in weight.

I WANTED TO HIDE MY FACE

"The first time I met the man who is now my husband I felt like covering my face so he could not see my complexion. Then I had a greasy, sallow skin, enlarged pores, and even wrinkles beginning to show, though I was only 33.

At that moment I made up my mind that I would get rid of these ugly blemishes if it was humanly possible. I had often read about Crème Tokalon Skinfood, but somehow I had never used it. I wish I had known sooner!

I know there are scientific reasons why Crème Tokalon does such miraculous things for the skin, but the thing that is more important to me is that after I had used it only a month, I lost all trace of the dead colour and wrinkles that used to make me look old.

My husband won't admit it now, but I know he would never have looked at me if I hadn't deliberately made him, by making my complexion irresistible. If there are other women who have put off using Crème Tokalon Skinfood as I did, I wish I could make them start to-day!"

NOTE: The writer of the above prefers not to have her name made public, but proof of her letter will be furnished on request. What she did, any woman can do. Use Crème Tokalon Rose Colour Skinfood at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded. JB

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Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Informations

Youth Army Crusader Exposed

A struggle for the red flag. Webb—whose portrait is above—wants to stamp out Communism

BEHIND the recent disturbance at a public meeting in the Albert Hall, London, lies an extraordinary story of an attempt to gain sympathy and support for a man whom I can only describe as an adventurer of the most remarkable type.

He is Victor T. Webb, and he was the central figure of the unseemly uproar to which I refer.

Addressing a meeting as a "converted Atheist from Moscow" and an "ex-World Organiser for the Overthrow of Christianity," he became involved in a clash with several Communists among his audience, which ended in a hand-to-hand tussle.

Now, Victor T. Webb is apparently quite unabashed by this inauspicious opening to a campaign he is launching in this country with a view to rallying 12,000 youths to his banner.

His red gold

He intends to make a tour of the industrial centres and to address gatherings of working people on subjects of a religious nature. He wishes it to be strictly understood that his objects are non-political.

Who is Mr. Webb? And what are his qualifications for speaking to the Youth of Britain on any subject at all?

I must confess that until he burst into prominence at the Albert Hall I had never heard of him. This would seem to be very remiss on my part, for, according to the literature he issues, Webb is a man with an amazing past.

One of his "confessions" is that he was formerly a Moscow-trained Communist organiser in this country, drawing a salary of £1,000 a year. "Daredevil for Moscow" is how he describes himself.

Now he professes to have reformed and is inviting public support as well as making a livelihood by lecturing and retailing his life story in pamphlet form at sixpence a copy.

Adventures galore

He candidly admits to a "certain wildness of nature" from his earliest days. He gave constant trouble at school, he says, and was court-martialled during the war, when serving in the Royal Air Force, for "chasing" his commanding officer round an aerodrome. He had previously got into trouble for "crashing" a borrowed 'plane!

In fact, he seems to take a delight in boasting of his wildness and tells how he nearly forfeited his life in Aden through snatching the veil from the face of a "very attractive Turkish girl."

I presume that the object of all this candour is to show how great his present "reformation" really is; but I shall return to this point later on.

Meanwhile, I think I ought to let my readers know that Victor T. Webb is no ordinary person. Though still in the early thirties, he has crowded a great deal into his life.

Since the war he claims to have visited Canada, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Egypt, Africa, Russia, France, India, Australia and China.

He tells of a bathing party in an African river in which one of his comrades was swallowed by crocodiles; he relates a hairbreadth escape from a stampede of infuriated elephants; he tells in matter-of-fact language of an encounter with a *mamba*, one of the "most deadly of African snakes."

In the course of his world travels he seems to have found time for a variety of pursuits.

In Africa, starting with "primitive tools," he opened diamond diggings and finally staked a claim valued at "well over £20,000."

Never satisfied, he confesses, he entertained visions of still greater future prospects and installed headgear, rails, trucks; engaged boys and overseers, and became "a young mine owner."

Finally, he sold out to a syndicate and took to the road once more. Coming to Johannesburg, he became carried away with the idea of attacking the Government! So he started by addressing open-air gatherings and soon had his audience "thoroughly incensed against everyone in authority."

This, he alleges, led to an invitation to go to Russia for "training."

He went. Interviewed Chicherin, Kalinin and the great Stalin himself. "My five months' stay in Moscow," he declares, "was an enjoyable time, and left me favourably impressed."

The penitent

Back he went to South Africa to organise the overthrow of the missionaries and the spread of Communist propaganda under its more subtle and "illegal aspect."

Then, after going to Paris to meet the exile Kerensky, who became the first Russian dictator after the fall of Czardom, he returned to London and started breaking up religious meetings in Hyde Park by speaking in opposition to all preachers.

Finally, he repented and decided that his one duty in life was to "proclaim the gospel of liberty to captives held by the chains which had hitherto bound me."

He had in his possession a diamond worth £103 that had been given him for certain illicit services rendered in South Africa. As a gesture of his new faith he flung this precious stone into the Serpentine and sought work as a bricklayer!

All this is very stirring, very romantic, and no doubt a great many people have been induced to rally round this singular individual and to place implicit faith in him.

What I discovered

There is something so plausible about his frank outline of his strenuous and varied career leading up to his impulsive "reformation" and his decision to deliver a message to the Youth of Britain.

"There are many disadvantages inseparable from any attempt to sketch one's own life story," he declares. "It is generally more satisfactory for another to collect the data. . . There are some experiences too intimate to be told. . . ."

I have taken Mr. Victor T. Webb at his word and have contrived to collect some very interesting data which, read in conjunction with the above declaration, prove decidedly illuminating.

In the first place, I find that the authorities have no record of any officer of this name ever having served in the Royal Air Force, which rather discounts his story of his aerodrome exploits.

No wonder!

It is perhaps not altogether surprising that he wishes to emphasise that his present mission is strictly non-political, for I am informed that he has come under police observation on more than one occasion for offences of a political character.

Nor is that the worst of the experiences which he evidently considers "too intimate to be told."

There are several dubious phases of his past career with which he has not dealt in his supposedly frank "confessions," and which certainly do not befit him to be a leader of Britain's youth.

I think he should be much more explicit as to the real object of his new campaign. At present he is remarkably vague, and before he appeals for public sympathy and support in his self-appointed mission he should state quite clearly what that mission is.

Colleen's Taking Ways

CLERGYMEN in all parts of the country should be on their guard against an attractive young Irish girl who is now touring from town to town and living by her wits.

The name she mostly favours is Molly O'Brien, and in Lichfield recently she called upon a clergyman to ask for "advice."

She had come to him, she said, because she remembered him as having been at Burton-on-Trent some little time before.

For the past two years she had been travelling in Canada, where she proposed to settle, and has just come back to England to say good-bye to all her friends.

Unfortunately, a terrible thing had happened. She had had her bag stolen from the hotel where she was staying and all her money had gone. All she was left with was a cheque, but this was crossed and could not be cleared for several days.

She hesitated to ask anyone to cash it for her as she was practically a stranger in Lichfield, and had only broken her journey there in order to see the cathedral.

* * *

Her story sounded so plausible that the clergyman agreed to lend her money to tide her over until she could cash her cheque, and she left him with many expressions of thanks, promising to refund the loan at the first possible moment.

Her benefactor has heard nothing more from Miss Molly O'Brien; but it is now apparent that he is only one of numerous victims who have generously helped this plausible young Irishwoman on her way.

The Crooked Insurance Man

WIDESPREAD frauds are being perpetrated by a man calling himself Mr. Richmond Leverett, who poses as the accredited agent for a leading insurance company.

His practice is to call upon traders, talk to them eloquently upon the subject of insurance, offer them special concessions and attractive rates, and collect premiums ranging from 15s. upwards.

As he is always armed with a plentiful supply of printed matter and a forged "note of authority," he has no difficulty in persuading people to believe his stories, and he has recently issued cover in one company's name for accident, fire and life assurances.

The latest tidings of him come from Guildford, Surrey, where a shopkeeper was induced to insure his business on specially attractive terms, and paid the necessary premium to Leverett on the understanding that a policy would be forwarded from "the head office" within a few days.

The cover-note he holds is, of course, quite worthless, as the company involved has no knowledge of the enterprising Mr. Richmond Leverett.

That this rogue is finding his specialised form of fraud highly profitable may be gathered from the fact that his victims are to be found scattered in towns throughout the country.

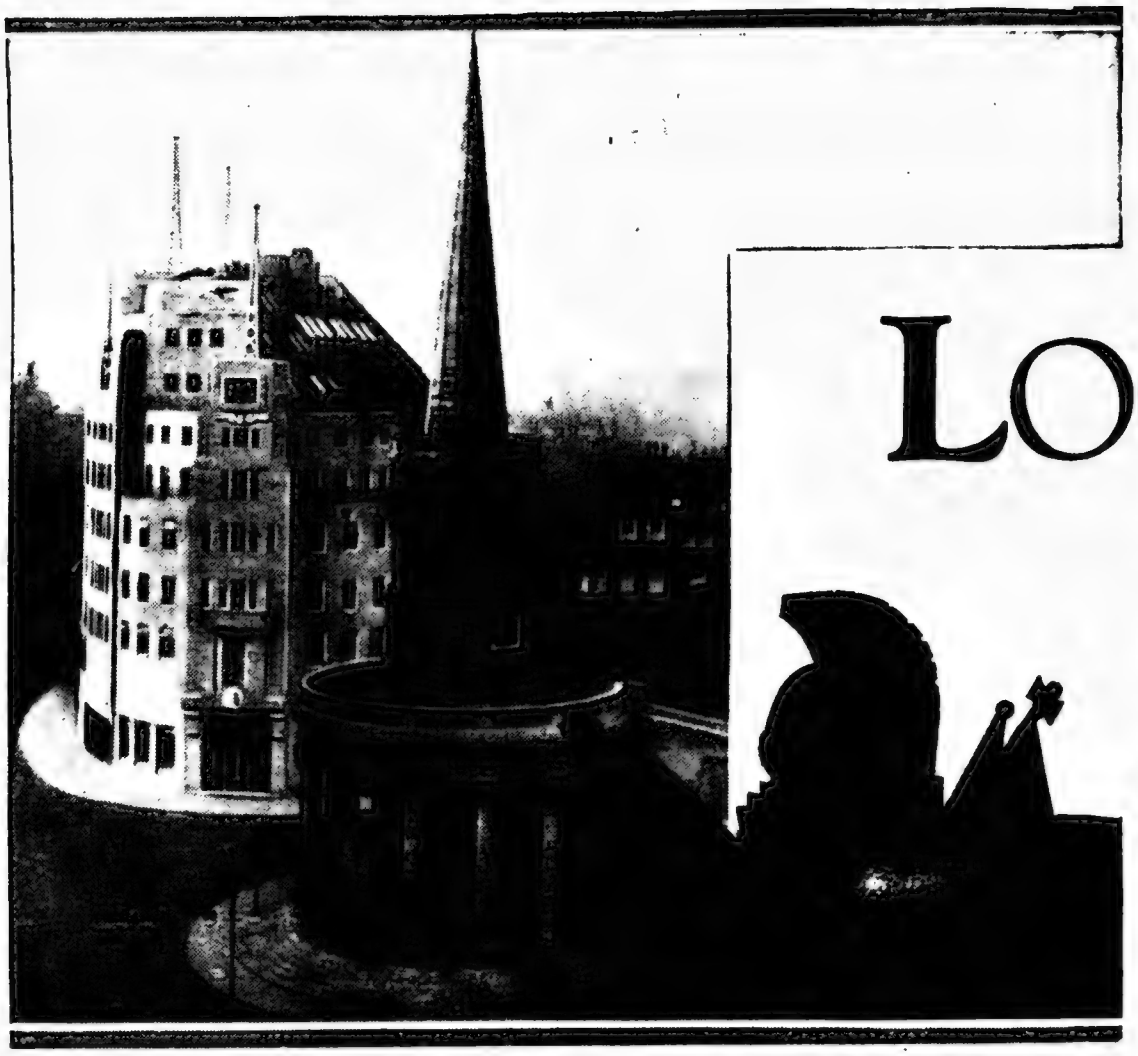
Bristol, Monmouth, Worcester, Clacton and Hull are a few of the places he has recently visited, so readers will appreciate that he is an active and rapid "worker."

A good many people would be glad to know his present whereabouts.

SECRET

£500,000 BR

LOOK-IN now



Gleaming in sombre London's heart—Broadcasting House, the B.B.C.'s magnanimous gift to itself

THE majority of Britain's four million wireless licence - holders have been expecting that, when the B.B.C.'s new palace of broadcasting is in full blast at the end of the summer, they will get more for their annual ten shillings.

They will not. For the plain truth is that this vast, twelve-floor structure in the heart of London was never meant to be a gift to the twenty million listeners who make broadcasting possible on its present scale.

The expenditure of half a million pounds on building it will not increase by one the number of alternative programmes available for British firesides.

It will not make possible a single broadcast feature that cannot be supplied already from Savoy Hill. Nor will it affect to the slightest degree the range of broadcasts, and, therefore, the clarity of reception.

Monument to——?

If a modern Rip Van Winkle nodded off to sleep over his drawing-room set to-night and woke up in a year's time, he would go the whole round of British stations without noticing anything to suggest that a single penny-piece had been spent on improvements.

Broadcasting House, as this 24,000 tons of luxurious masonry in Portland Place, W., is to be called, is to be Broadcasting's present to itself.

Here, higher chiefs are to have the noble and impressive headquarters that they have long wanted. Individual members of the staff, although sorry in a way to leave the little backwater between the Strand and the Embankment, where they can hear the birds sing in the trees and see the Thames from office windows, will walk abroad with a greater air of pride.

At Broadcasting House the performers will have the finest broadcasting studios in the world at their disposal and will know the thrill that old-time entertainers felt when they gave up the roystering side-street music-hall for the Coliseum or Alhambra, the suburban Town Hall for the Queen's Hall.

So very realistic!

Even if it is not possible in this new palace of English-marble halls and modernist sculptures to do a little more for the listener, it will be possible at least to do the same stuff in a rather nicer way.

It may seem an absurdly small instance, but instead of slamming any one of the 800 doors in the building for broadcasting purposes, a special door will be provided for slamming or door-knocking effects.

That is typical of the spirit that will rule throughout the twenty-two studios of Broadcasting House.

What studios they will be! No longer will it be necessary to broadcast two entirely dissimilar turns from the same room. No, just the right atmosphere will be provided for whatever performance is offered.

The vaudeville studio, for instance, will have its own stage, pit and gallery. Audiences privileged to be present will see performers actually dressed and made up for the part caught in spotlights, just as they are at the Coliseum.

And in the dressing-rooms attached: "Just a leetle more black under the lower lid," an artiste will say, just as if Britain's vast wireless audience were actually waiting in the next room.

In the concert studio, occupying part of the lower-ground, ground and first floors, even the biggest orchestra and choir will be able to perform from a be-palmed platform, with an audience of nearly eight hundred watching them in perfect comfort.

It was actually designed to seat an audience of a thousand in pit, stalls and gallery, and only an increase in the size of the B.B.C.'s orchestra has dictated reduced seating accommodation.

The designers have got "atmosphere," too, in the Religious Studio. At one end of it is something resembling an altar, and behind it are three arches with draperies, intended to suggest "infinite distance," framed in the middle one.

Candles in monster six-feet-high sticks line the walls. And there would have been the Signs of the Zodiac set in squares on the roof if someone had not suggested that they might offend religious susceptibilities, so they are putting twinkle-stars there instead.

And so it will be in every studio right up to the second-biggest just under the roof—the 52 ft. by 33 ft. hall for orchestras and military bands that is twice as large as anything at Savoy Hill. Even the little talks studios will have an intimate homeliness in which the shyest poet will find confidence.

There has been no need to give the crazy effects studio the right atmosphere by striving to make it crazy looking. The apparatus littered about it has the effect of doing that.

The big noises

The broadcasting door built only to be knocked and slammed, the strips of floor of different material so that a convict treading his cell will not sound like a managing director walking his board room, the hooters, lawn-mowers and other gadgets give it something more than a pantomime look.

Here the "effects" then are going to make more realistic typhoons and hurricanes and other "noises off" than are possible at Savoy Hill.

So perhaps the public is going to get just a little more for its ten shillings, after all, and even if its view is that the little is not enough to justify the expenditure on the new building, there can be no two views about the New Broadcasting House as a structure.

Viewed externally, it is a striking new addition to the sights of London. Examined internally, it is perhaps the most wonderful building put up in this country since the War.

Time and again freak designing and freak building have been called for, yet they have been carried out as efficiently as if they were normal practice.

Jazz architecture

To begin with, it was necessary to dovetail the twenty-two studios of varying sizes into a Tower of Darkness that is the core of the structure, and is known as the Studio Tower. And that was not easy.

For one thing, no vertical steelwork could be used, as it would have carried the sound from one studio to another. For another, the designers had to think in terms of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

On one side of the B.B.C.'s tower was a narrow street, and on the other the broader thoroughfare of Langham Street, and it was necessary to set the tower over to the wide street to avoid cutting off light from the nearest building and so offending against building regulations.

Again, the height of studios could not be dictated by the distance between floors. Certain rooms have to be higher than their neighbours. The floor in one room is half-way between the floor and ceiling of the next.

This "jazz" architecture was necessary when more than a score of studios of varying sizes—ranging

They'll act the part for you, just as i

ETS of the B.B.C.

ROADCASTING PALACE

w to where you will LISTEN-IN

from a big concert hall to an intimate little room for "talks"—had to be put in the one tower.

It was necessary, too, to have floors of offices and storage libraries between studios—buffer States of sorts, through which the sound of the earthquake in one studio would not penetrate to impose itself on the pastoral music in another.

The typists and secretaries who will occupy the offices that are to be used as insulating material—"our millivamps," as the girls working at the B.B.C. are known—need air and sunshine. And giving them sufficient was a problem, since studios must be windowless and blanketed again and again against air, light and sound.

So the building was designed so that every bit of light and air that could be caught from the street was bestowed on the office staffs, while the dark, cell-like studios were given artificial supplies.

Magicians who make tempests in bathtubs. They'll have a great time now at the new "effects" studio

Friend and foe

Down in the basement huge machines will churn away, pumping 134 tons of fresh air every hour into the studios through cavities in the walls. And near at hand is plant capable of sending artificial light into these places of darkness—100 horse-power of current, interpreted in terms of power.

The engineers were told that the machinery had to be noiseless, and have seen to it that it is so. Even the sound of air swishing into the studios has been silenced.

In Broadcasting House sound will be both the friend—and the enemy. Some will be gathered up and welcomed, and bowed through to the powerful broadcasting aerials in the open country, to be listened to in five million homes.

if you were there to see it . . .

And some, unwanted, will be warned off with red lights, and kept out of the studios by thick walls and fat mattresses of sound-proof material.

Even then a stray rumble, ambitious to broadcast itself, might burst through to the microphone. If it did, there is a man hidden away near the roof who can literally snatch it out of the ether by the collar by the mere act of turning a knob.

The nerve centre

Twenty-two studios may seem a lot, but as many as six may be used at once for one broadcast. In the case of a radio play, for instance, it is obvious that you cannot have the mine explosion in the same studio as the players.

Yet the other rooms far outnumber the studios.

There is the registry—an autograph-hunters' paradise if it was thrown open to them. The B.B.C. has been in touch with most of the famous people in the world, and here will be their letters.

There is the play-library, where the productions director will be able to find any one of his three thousand players far quicker than at Savoy Hill.

The music library has to accommodate 10,000 different works, in each case a complete set of parts for an orchestra, in many cases a set in duplicate. No fewer than a thousand are in triplicate.

Under the roof is the double-decker control-room. Here will sit experts, whose duty will be "clearing up the line." It will be the nerve centre of the building.

If an excited soprano should be over enthusiastic with a top note, the expert will cut it down to the right power and she will get all the credit. If a thoughtless speaker sits back and gets too far from the microphone, the expert will give power to his words. If there should be a swear word—well, nothing but a one-syllable oath could get completely past him.

That, then, is Broadcasting House—a triumph of architectural skill: a disappointment in that it will not give the listener-in more for his money.

It has not been built without problems and difficulties. In fact, there have been scares.

One was when the B.B.C. found that a Tube railway ran 80 ft. below the building, and it was feared that the noise of the trains would upset the programmes. But the builders found out how to obviate the trouble.

Still mightier

When an artesian well was sunk to a depth of 600 ft. it was found that the water was too soft for use, and the Metropolitan Water Board supply will be used instead. But the B.B.C. will keep its own well as a bargaining factor in case it ever has to take up matters of price with the Board.

Broadcasts are already being made from one studio of Broadcasting House. Gradually, more and more will come into use until all of them will be in operation at the end of the summer.

And now the B.B.C. is thinking in terms of something even more ambitious still. For we are able to reveal that it has bought a number of near-by houses with a view to making Broadcasting House bigger still.

"DICK doesn't need a tonic—

. . . *he has his* IRON *every day in*

SUN-MAID RAISINS"

"You should see
The way he goes for
These plump, juicy
SUN-MAID RAISINS
They're so SWEET
And LUSCIOUS!

* * *

"And though it doesn't
Interest Dick—
They're simply full
Of the IRON he needs
At this time of the year

* * *

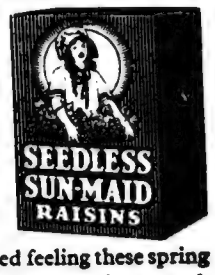
"He has a couple
Of HANDFULS
A day — and plenty of
SUN-MAID CAKES
And PUDDINGS, too!

* * *

"No cheaper or nicer
Way of taking iron!"

TESTED JB

HAD YOUR IRON TODAY?



That dull, fagged feeling these spring days means you're not getting enough iron. You need a *daily* ration — and there's no cheaper or pleasanter way of taking it than by eating plenty of SUN-MAID RAISINS. Grocers and stores everywhere sell them.

● *Send for the SUN-MAID Recipe Booklet containing nearly* 100 *recipes. Write Department JB3, Producers' International Sales Association, Ltd., 59 Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.*

(GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.)

JEREMY, the Good

GIANTS OF FICTION

(No. 10)

Her underlip trembled, "Don't like daffodils," was her amazing statement

POOR Cousin Jane (as she was for ever afterwards known) arrived on a visit to the Cole family in Polchester in the spring of Jeremy's eighth year. He remembered the day exactly, because on that afternoon he had bought a bunch of daffodils as a peace-offering for his mother. A peace-offering was badly needed, both on his own part and that of his dog, Hamlet, for they had both of late been repeatedly in disgrace.

On Tuesday of that week Jeremy in a temper had thrown ink at Mary, his sister; on Wednesday he broke the window of the bathroom with a cricket-ball; on Thursday he insulted Miss Jones, their governess, so brutally that she gave notice, and was only with the greatest difficulty persuaded to remain.

It was perhaps the spring—it was certainly the hard truth that it was time that he went to school.

Hamlet also was unfortunate. On Tuesday he brought two filthy bones into the drawing-room at the very moment when the Dean's wife was paying a call. On Wednesday he frightened Mrs. Cole by running out on her from a dark passage, and on Thursday he was horribly sick on the dining-room carpet.

They were both in disgrace; they were both punished. In fact, matters were in a very ticklish state indeed. So Jeremy bought some daffodils and prayed most fervently that Fate would leave him alone for a while.

He disliked to be in disgrace; he disliked to make his incomprehensible elders unhappy; most of all did he dislike it when people muttered concerning Hamlet, "That dog must go. We really cannot *endure* him any longer."

So he was walking on egg-shells when poor Cousin Jane arrived.

They christened her that immediately. In the first place, she was a miserable scrap of a thing. When she stood in the hall, covered with innumerable wraps, she did not appear to be there at all.

Only her very red (for it was April weather), sharply peaked, little nose and strange pepper-and-salt eyes, with their sandy eyebrows, were visible.

Strange Animal

Unwrapped she was revealed as a thin, little girl, with an untidy bow in her hair and wrinkled, black stockings on her spindly legs.

But what struck Jeremy, Mary and Helen immediately on sight of her was her terror. She was shaking with fright: her eyes roamed the room as though she were a wild animal for the first time caged, and when her aunt who had brought her from her home in Drymouth left her, she burst into floods of tears.

Now the Coles were not an unkind family. The Rev. Mr. Cole, Jeremy's father, could certainly be severe on occasion when he felt it his duty to be so, but Mrs. Cole was the soul of maternal comfort—a nicer woman didn't exist anywhere.

Her three children also were kindly intentioned, only, like all normal children, they were healthy savages in process of being civilised.

Mary in especial was sentimental and emotional, wanted a girl friend, and would willingly have romanticised Cousin Jane had she been given the opportunity.

However, the odd thing about this story is that the only person who from the first did romanticise Jane was Hamlet, and that was queer indeed, because he hated little girls and liked to snap at their legs when nobody in authority was near

Jeremy disliked Cousin Jane from the start. He could not help it. He was easily touched by females in distress, he was at times both courteous and chivalrous, and he had a good heart—but Jane he could not abide.

There was something about her terror that revolted him. He was not touched by it because it was so complete. He was not old enough to understand how anyone *could* be such a coward and *could* be such a fool.

His sister Mary was often both a coward *and* a fool, but she made brave attempts to conquer her weak points. He understood that. He had weak points himself.

But Jane made no attempt to conquer anything. She was frightened of Mr. Cole, Mrs. Cole, Jeremy, Mary, Helen, Miss Jones, the cook, the housemaid and terrified of Hamlet.

She started at the slightest sound, blinked with alarm if anyone addressed her, and sat in a corner, straight on a chair, waiting for someone to attack her.

But—strangest of all strange things—Hamlet adored her. When, on her arrival she stood among them all, bitterly weeping, he smelt her black stockings, then lay down his pointed beard flat on his paws and waited for her to ask him to do something for her. She did, of course, nothing of the kind. No matter. He devoted himself to her service.

Now, from the very moment of her arrival, Jeremy felt that something awful would occur in connection with her. He felt also perhaps ashamed of himself for disliking her, although it is difficult to say what small boys of eight feel and what they do not.

On the first afternoon of her stay it poured with rain, and the children sat in the schoolroom trying to play games. Cousin Jane, however, was a blight on all the proceedings.

"I know!" said Jeremy. "We'll play buffaloes. I'll be the buffalo. Jane shall be captured by the Indians and Mary and Hamlet shall rescue her."

Jane's eyes nearly split with terror.

"Wouldn't you like that, Jane dear?" asked Mary in her propitiatory, mother-visiting-the-sick-and-ailing voice.

"Oh no, no, no!" cried Jane.

"There's halma," said Jeremy disgustedly.

But Jane could understand nothing. She sat at the schoolroom table staring in front of her.

"Mary shall play with you and show you how to move."

But it was of no use. She had an awful way of whispering under her breath. She was probably saying that she wanted to go home, but nobody could be sure.

"Mary shall tell us a story," said Jeremy, trying hard to be a perfect gentleman. They sat round the fire and Mary began (very quickly, lest someone should stop her, for she loved telling stories).

"Once upon a time there was a king who had three lovely daughters. One had black hair, one yellow, and one was between the two, and one day when the king——"

But Jane interrupted by slipping off her chair and creeping away to the window-seat, where she sat desolately looking out on to the rain. This was as bad an insult as any author ever received!

This sense of misfortune that Jeremy had in connection with his weeping cousin grew in the following days. He was in no way a morbid child, his imaginings were healthy, he very rarely saw visions, but just now he had the sense of the world that it was waiting round the corner to catch him.

He had had nightmares after stolen cheese or too much toffee, and in these to move a step was to lose your life!

So it was now. Something would happen to plunge him into disgrace, and Cousin Jane would be the agent. He knew it. He felt it in all his bones.

On a certain morning he woke and at once knew that this was an Evil Day. There were Evil Days, there were Ordinary Days and Days of Delight, and the kind of Day it intended to be it began from the very first moment by being!

This day began badly because Hamlet was not there. Always at a quarter to eight Hamlet, released by the cook from his basket in the kitchen, his hair brushed, his beard in shape, rushed upstairs and scratched on Jeremy's door. He was admitted and games followed.

Garden of Delight

To-day there was no scratching at the door. Jeremy knew at once what had occurred. He was scratching at Cousin Jane's door. What did he see in the girl? What was it that had softened his ironic heart?

She had, Jeremy would have supposed no charms for dogs at all. She did not like dogs. She screamed whenever they came near her.

Jeremy, his heart torn by a jealousy that was far too proud to admit, went down to breakfast. Here for a moment things took a better turn.

"What do you think, my dears?" cried Mrs. Cole (who, loving her children, had never realised how intensely Mary and Jeremy hated to be "my deared"). "Miss Willink has asked us all to tea on Friday."

Now, Miss Willink was one of life's joys. She was an elderly lady, living five miles out of Polchester in the middle of one

Bad Boy, in The Young Pretender

by Hugh Walpole

who has written three books around this most lovable character: "Jeremy," "Jeremy and Hamlet" and "Jeremy at Crale."

of the loveliest gardens in the world. Her house was large and grand, but Jeremy never gave it a thought.

The point was the garden with its lawns, rockeries, ponds, terraces, shrubberies, conservatories and gigantic trees. Moreover, Miss Willink understood what children wanted—namely, food, freedom and fraternity. She was a jolly old lady.

"Oh, hurray!" cried Jeremy, wondering whether he had been wrong about the day's omens. But he had not.

"Now mind, Jeremy," said his father, who had neuralgia that morning, "I don't know what's been the matter with you this week. One thing after another. Take care or Miss Willink's is not for *you*."

He *would* take care, and it occurred to him that he would propitiate the fates by being nice to Cousin Jane. They were to go for a walk that morning, it being a lovely spring morning, with clouds like galleons, sunny and shining, stretches of sky like violet-fields and excited birds in flight.

He would take Cousin Jane to his secret place in Conmer Wood, where the daffodils were so thick that they were like shadowed plates of gold.

Smiling, he suggested it to her. But she shook her head. They were standing together alone in the schoolroom and Hamlet was watching the girl, his eyes soft with sentiment. Every once and again he snapped dramatically at an imaginary fly, but plainly his thoughts were only for his adored one.

Jeremy was so deeply irritated that it was all he could do not to pull her long and lanky hair, but, remembering the fates he held himself in.

"Don't you want to go *anywhere?*" he cried disgustedly. "Don't you want to do *anything?*"

Her underlip trembled.

"I don't like daffodils," was her amazing statement.

"Don't like daffodils? But you don't like *anything!* All the time you've been here you haven't liked a *thing!* We're all being as nice as nice. Don't you like being here?"

Hamlet Deserts

Upon which Cousin Jane burst into tears, and at the same moment Mrs. Cole came into the room.

"Now, Jeremy, what *have* you been doing to Jane? What *is* it, dear? . . Never mind. Come with me and I'll show you some pretty things. Jeremy, I don't know *what* has come over you lately. You're always doing something wrong. Your father is very vexed. Remember what he said about Miss Willink. Now, come along, dear. Dry your eyes. We'll see what we've got downstairs to show you."

Hamlet attempted to follow his heroine, but that at least Jeremy prevented.

"What *has* come over you?" he asked him. "You can't *like* her. You don't like girls and this is one of the worst. Besides, she *hates you!*"

These remarks had no effect whatever on Hamlet, who had the art of sulking when he *wanted* to sulk beyond any dog ever known. He would half-close his eyes, bury his mouth in his beard, turn his head away and yawn lazily, impertinently.

"Now come on," said Jeremy. "We'll go out and enjoy ourselves."

But Hamlet refused. He would *not* go out. He would not *budge*. He sat there, his feet firmly planted, his head obstinately screwed away from his master. Jeremy dragged at his collar; his paws seemed to stick to the carpet. Jeremy pulled him, however, as far as the passage then bumped, breathless and exasperated, into his father.

"Really, Jeremy," Mr. Cole, whose neuralgia was worse, cried, "you must look where you are going, my boy. And what are you doing to the poor dog?"

"Oh, nothing." And Jeremy, running downstairs, left dog, father and all to their proper destinies.

"Sulky," thought Mr. Cole sadly. "Sulky and ill-tempered. The boy will have to go to school."

At luncheon another misfortune befell.

It happened that it was cold beef day—cold beef and potatoes in their jackets. Now, Jeremy hated cold fat. So, apparently, did Cousin Jane. Her eyes filled with tears and she looked beseechingly at Mrs. Cole.

"Mother says I needn't eat fat when I feel sick," she remarked. "I feel sick now."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Cole, benevolently smiling.

A short while later Mr. Cole said cheerfully: "Eat it up, Jeremy, my boy. You know what I've always told you. One day perhaps you will be glad ——"

The injustice was more than he could bear.

"Jane didn't have to!" he said.

"Jeremy!"

"Well, father, Jane didn't ——"

"Jeremy."

"Well, but, father ——"

He ate it, and most disgusting it was. He swallowed with splutterings a full glass of water. His eye rested on the splendid, tall, ruby glass that stood in the middle of a small table opposite him. This was the family pride.

It was, the children understood, Bohemian. There were little patterns of gold traced delicately over its crimson glories. Jeremy thought that it was laughing at him.

After luncheon he brooded miserably. Hamlet was nowhere to be seen. Even his sisters seemed to hold aloof from him. A hatred of his Cousin Jane stronger than any hatred that he had ever known for anyone possessed him.

He would like to torture her, to stick pins into her legs, to twist her arms, to pull her hair till she screamed.

Meanwhile, as the afternoon drew on, he felt catastrophe drawing nearer.

At tea-time he could have burst into tears, although he was not given to crying. The intensity of those moments in childhood when one is deserted, helpless, under a curse that is eternal, is unknown to maturity.

Catastrophe

It would be a miracle if he reached bedtime without disaster. Even the clocks seemed to say to him: "Now—You—Are—Done—For—Little—Man. Now—You—Are—Done—For—Little—Man." And indeed there is nothing more complacent and patronising than a moon-faced, stubborn clock.

The blow fell.

It was the pleasant Cole custom that one or two nights a week Mrs. Cole should read to the children for half an hour before bedtime. To-night the reading was to be in the dining-room, because a good fire was burning there. The book was "The Chaplet of Pearls," by Charlotte Mary Yonge.

The children—Hamlet, Mary, Helen, Jeremy and Jane—assembled and stood by the fire waiting. Hamlet sat, licking a tangled foot and sniffing between licks. Jane showed a little animation. She began in her thin voice that was like a violin-string struck just out of tune:

"We've got nicer things in our house than you have, Mary."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Mary, who was loyal if she was anything.

"Oh, yes, we have."

"Oh, no, you haven't."

"Oh, yes, we have. We've got a clock with a Chinaman that nods its head and a picture as big as this room almost, and a rug with a tiger's head, and ——"

"You haven't," said Mary, slowly, pushing her spectacles straight, "anything as lovely as the ruby glass."

"Oh, yes, we have," said Jane. But she was attracted nevertheless. The firelight danced on the deep colours, the thin tracery of gold. She went to the table and picked it up.

"Oh, you mustn't!" cried Mary.

Jane heard the door opening, and, in alarm, dropped the glass. It lay at her feet, "smashed," as the story-books have it, "into a thousand fragments."

Mrs. Cole had entered. Her cry was an agonised one.

"Oh! My glass! My glass!"

Jeremy saw then terror as he was never in all his life again to see it. Nothing, years later, in the Great War equalled it.

The Price

To say that Jane was "frozen" with it says little; her face paled to ash, her whole body was seized with a fearful trembling. It was as though she saw the devil

Something in that agony moved Jeremy to a revulsion of disgust. It was horrible indecent. Eight years of age though he was he understood that there was something dre. ful here that had nothing to do with his own world—something from beyond boundaries.

Mrs Cole looked up from her knees.

"Oh, who——?" she began.

"I broke it," said Jeremy.

"You were told never to touch it."

He stared defiantly. None of the children spoke a word. Mary and Helen knew, as Jeremy knew, that Jane, dislike her as they did, must be protected The door opened on the scene and Mr. Cole entered:

"Well, children ——," he began and then saw what had happened.

"The glass! . . . Who touched it?"

"I did,' said Jeremy.

For the first time in his life Jeremy was locked in his bedroom. He was to have no supper. Miss Willink's garden would not, on this occasion, offer him a greeting.

He moved up and down, hot tears in his eyes, feeling sick, feeling utterly alone, deserted by all the world. Why had he done it? He did not know. He hated Cousin Jane. It would have given him joy to have seen her disgraced. Yet if it occurred again he would do as he had done.

He was a pariah (although he did not know what a pariah was). He would never be back any more in a world of sunshine, friendliness, good will.

Loyalty's Sniff

It was too much. He sat down by the dressing-table and burst into a passion of angry desolated tears. Worst of all—oh, far, far worst of all—was Hamlet's desertion. That Hamlet should leave him for an ugly, stupid, miserable, little . . .

He heard a sound. He choked down his sobs, raised his head and listened. There was a scratching at his door. Was he mistaken? He moved across the room. No, there was no mistake. The scratching continued. He went to the door and, pressing against it, whispered:

"Hamlet! Hamlet! Are you there?"

The scratching was eager, demonstrative, and then quite beyond question, between the scratches, that sniff! That sniff of comradeship, of loyalty, of understanding.

"Hamlet, I can't get out. They've locked me in!"

He heard a soft thud. Hamlet had laid himself down, and nothing, no power, no authority, was going to move him.

Jeremy, smiling, himself again, all the curses and forebodings suddenly removed, turned to the table by the bed, found a pencil and a piece of paper, and, with wrinkled brow and lickings of the stubborn lead, began to draw pictures of Cousin Jane as a witch.

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(See page 7)

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"She must point out what will happen to him . . ."

Is My Boy a Thief?

"I AM a parent with a problem," writes one of my correspondents. Of course he has a problem. I have yet to meet the parent without one.

Children are a great joy, but they bring with them their worries, too. With every child there is usually a difficulty of some kind—it may relate to health or education or employment.

Exceedingly rare is the father or mother who can say, "My child has never caused me a moment's anxiety."

* * *

I have received a great many letters from parents recently. They come from those who are greatly perplexed. Let me deal with some of the problems they propound.

The first is from a mother who tells me that she has one daughter, nearly fourteen years old. The letter proceeds:

"She is a good girl in many ways, but she has one great failing. It seems as if she cannot speak the truth. I have tried in every way to check her, but nothing seems to be of any use.

"The trouble is that some of the lies she tells have no sense in them whatever. The other day she came home and said she had won a scholarship to the Grammar School. It was pure imagination, for there was not a word of truth in it.

"Soon she will be leaving school and will have to take a situation. But I am afraid to let her go anywhere for I am sure she would soon be found out and would never be able to keep her place for long.

"What can I do with her?"

* * *

I sympathise with that mother. It is a great drawback to have a girl upon whose word you cannot rely.

I take it that in every other way she is a perfectly normal child. If this is so, her failing is due to a slight kink in the mind. It leads her to imagine things that do not exist.

The very fact that she tells "stupid lies" which can be easily refuted shows that there is no real evil in her make-up. Her imagination, if it is properly controlled, may be a help rather than a hindrance.

Take all our great artists, novelists, poets—their imaginative faculty is often their greatest gift. And this girl may have in her the makings of a genius.

"But how can this trouble be controlled?" my correspondent may ask. I will tell her.

An outlet must be found for her child's over-alert imagination. The girl should be encouraged to do work where her fanciful notions can have plenty of scope such as painting, drawing, writing stories.

Have a talk and make these suggestions to her school teacher. Then, if the trouble persists, there is another remedy.

There are in most parts of the country people whose functions it is to investigate the workings of the mind. They are called psychologists. I have known them achieve amazing cures, not only with troubles of this kind but in other children's defects, such as stuttering, fear, and the like.

In a word, what the doctor is to the body the psychologist is to the brain and the mind. I have sent my correspondent the name of one in her own town.

* * *

Here is a second letter, typical of many others on the same theme:

"I am a widow with one son, now eleven years old. We live with my late husband's parents, who are very fond of the boy, even to the length of spoiling him.

"Some time ago he came home with a pencil-case, three exercise books and a new penknife. When I asked him where he had got them he told me that one of the boys at school had given them to him.

"I felt that he was not speaking the truth, but in order to make quite sure I sent for this boy, who told me he knew nothing about it. Then, after a good deal of difficulty, my son blurted out that he had taken the things from the counter of a well-known store.

"I wanted to give him a thrashing, but my parents-in-law prevented me.

"I feel they are wrong, but if I had persisted it would have caused a scene, and I have to tread carefully because I am partially dependent on them. All the same, I cannot bear to think of him growing up a thief."

That mother was right—her parents-in-law absolutely wrong. She is responsible for the upbringing of her boy, and to allow him to be spoilt is simply asking for trouble.

The boy deserved to be punished. But there are better ways than "thrashing" him. A "good hiding" only harbours resentment and fear. To deprive him of something he desires is far more effective.

* * *

At least, that is the experience of a London magistrate who has dealt with hundreds of such cases. He told me the other day that never once has he ordered a flogging. He reasons with the delinquent, talks kindly but firmly to him, and then places him on his honour. And in 95 per cent. of cases his policy has paid. That is a striking declaration.

Before dubbing her boy a thief, my correspondent should find out the motive for his taking those things. Perhaps he had seen his playmates with similar possessions.

You cannot apply the tenth commandment about coveting other people's goods to children. They are great imitators, and like to feel they are not behind their chums in what they own.

Did he ask his mother to help him to buy them? If not, was it because he was afraid to do so? Is she inspiring trust in him or fear?

What she must do now is to point out what will happen to him if he continues to take things that do not belong to him.

"I do not want my boy to grow up to be a thief," says this woman. Of course not. If this is his one lapse I do not think she need be unduly perturbed.

* * *

The best way to avoid this in the future is to gain and keep her boy's confidence. Let him be able to go to her with his troubles and desires.

If she cannot provide him with the things he wants, he ought to be told quite definitely the reason. Then, if he sees that any wrong-doing on his part causes her pain, he would do everything to save her from it.

HUMANIST wants to help you, too. Write to him and enclose a stamped addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

"The Greatest of These"—Fund

Tortured by Idleness

"BEING out of work," says Frank's father, "is enough to drive you out of your mind. I would far sooner be back in France than going on like this. The months I have been idle have been absolute torture—nothing but worry all day long.

"I get relief from the Public Assistance Committee, but by Monday me and the wife are worrying what we can do to give the kiddies a dinner. They have a good mother and she worries terribly over them."

Frank

Five-years-old Frank has lately come out of hospital, where he was kept for three months suffering from nasal diphtheria. His four-years-old brother is still in hospital with the same complaint. "We expect him out this week," said their dad, "and we have no clothes to bring him home in, as his things were destroyed."

There are six children—the eldest thirteen and the youngest two.

"I want enough to keep my children, and to feel I am working for them. I would go through anything for them."

* * *

Easter is a joyful festival and the Fund can do with quantities of Easter eggs in the shape of subscriptions to help unemployed men like Frank's dad. Please send your contribution to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given, and a list of current subscriptions may be seen at this office.

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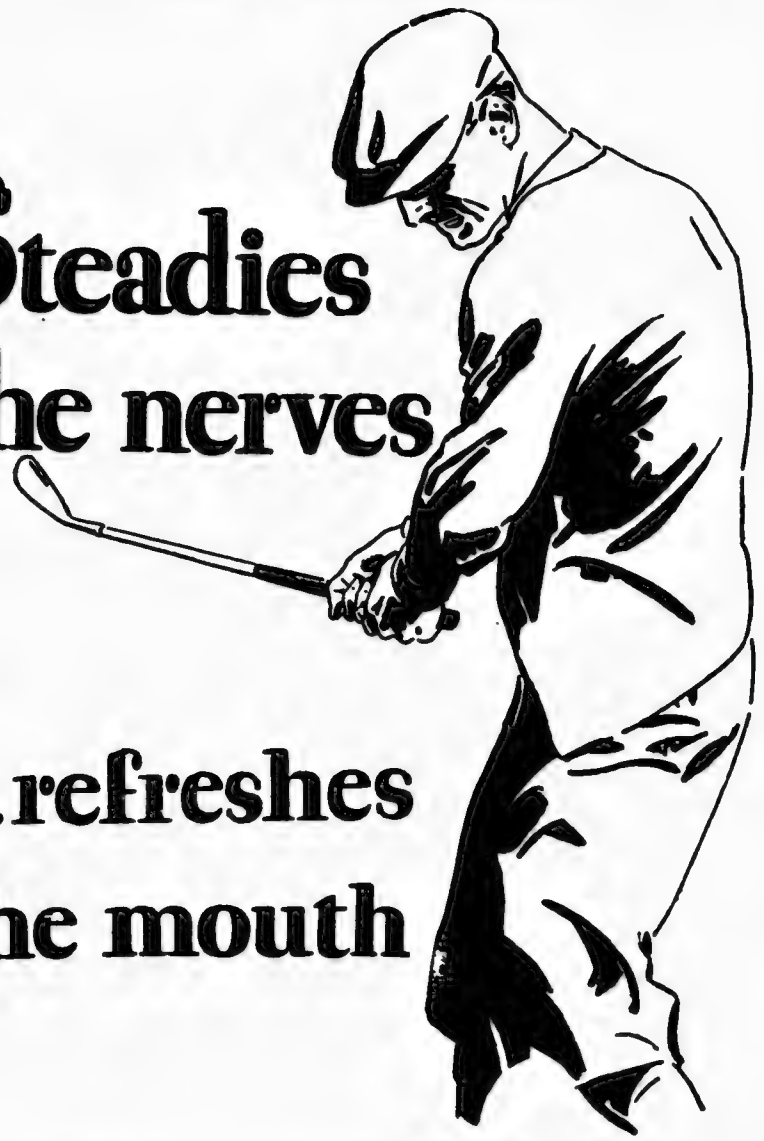

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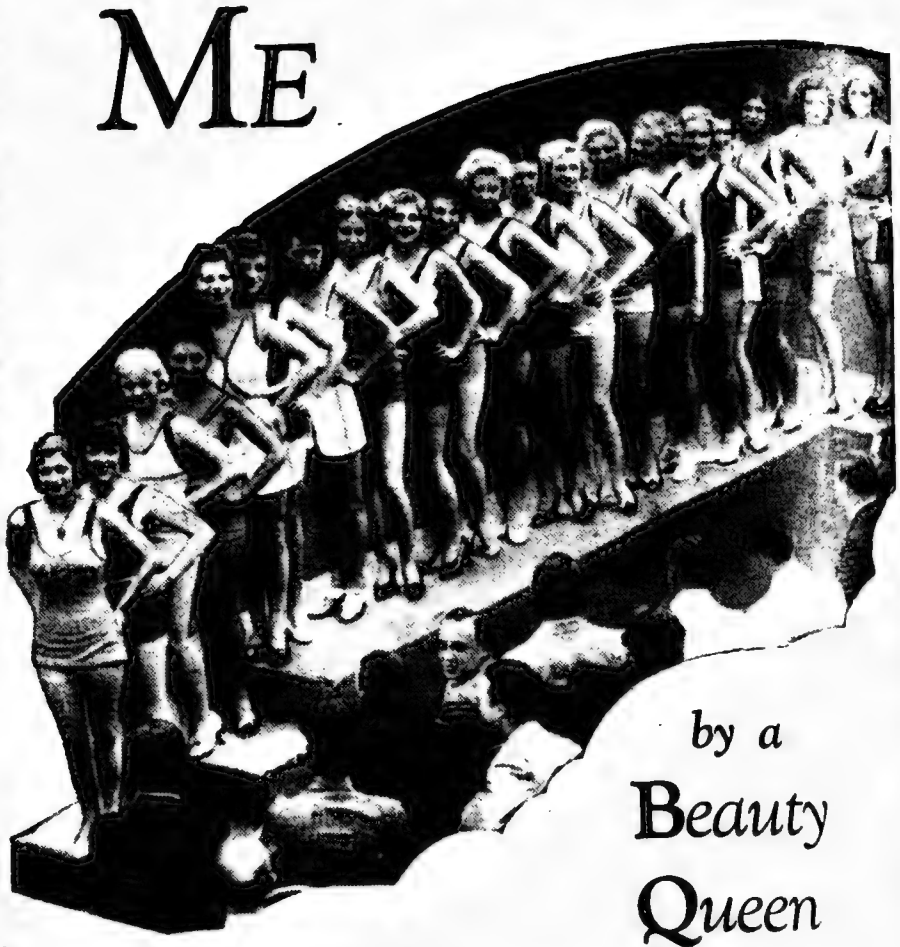

If they only knew how uneasy lies the head that wears a beauty crown—

by a Beauty Queen

MY beauty has been my tragedy—and all because I, then a clerk in a London bank earning two pounds a week, won a beauty competition.

For about a fortnight I was the most-talked-of girl in England. I thought I had come into a fortune. I left the bank. I exchanged security for a precarious fight to live.

I did not think I should ever come to realise, as I do to-day, that I would have been better off if I had stuck to my typewriter in the bank and had never won a beauty competition.

That is what I feel now after years of struggle and poverty. And I am only one of many victims of beauty competitions.

Whenever I read of a new beauty competition I shudder to think of the disillusionment that invariably awaits the unfortunate winner.

I did not know when I won that I had sold my security in life for a cheque for £500. If I had been content and stayed in the bank I could look forward to regular work and a pension when I retired. As it is—well, who knows what will happen to me?

I lived with my parents in the South of London. My life was just like that of tens of thousands of business girls—catching the 8.15 train in the morning and lucky if I got a seat. Lunching at a tea-shop and returning home in the evening. Sometimes relieving the monotony by going to a dance or a kinema with a friend. Playing lawn tennis on Saturday afternoons.

I had only two pounds a week, and my father was an ordinary working man. I hated the dull routine of my life, the shortage of money, the absence of luxury.

Now, looking back on those days, I realise they were the happiest of all. I had regular work and a home. I seem to have forgotten what such security feels like.

My mother was always boasting of my face to the neighbours, but I used to laugh at her, knowing that all mothers say the same about their children, even if they are ugly.

And so, when I won the beauty prize, I was the most surprised girl in London. Perhaps that is why I lost my head so completely.

Golden dreams

One morning, when I reached the bank, I found all the men and girl clerks poring over my picture. It was printed in the middle page of a morning newspaper along with twelve or fourteen other portraits.

All that day I had to listen to good-humoured but infuriating chaff from all my friends.

When I got home I found my mother all smiles. She said she had sent my picture to the newspaper to give me a surprise. She could not understand why I was angry.

Then one morning I received a letter saying I had been selected as one of the fifty most beautiful girls in the competition. I was asked to attend a luncheon at a famous hotel to meet the other successful competitors and parade in front of the judges—a committee of well-known artists and actresses.

This put a different complexion on things. Instead of being one in fifty thousand I was one in fifty. I felt very excited. I had never been to a fashionable place like this hotel. I had golden dreams of the future if I happened to win the competition.

The day of the luncheon came. I was introduced to the judges and thrilled at meeting some of the most famous actresses of the day. We sat down to a wonderful luncheon, most of us puzzled by the unaccustomed dishes on the menu and overwhelmed by it all.

There were fifty girls present, and each one seemed lovelier than the last. My heart sank when I realised I stood no chance at all of winning even a small prize. How could I compete with so many girls, all much prettier than I?

Afterwards we all had to dance round the ballroom, and gradually certain girls were sent off the floor. It was agony waiting to be told you were not wanted any more; but I went on dancing—how, I don't know. In the end there were only three of us. The music stopped, and I was told I had won.

I was the beauty queen of England. The thought rushed to my head—no more trains at 8.15 on cold winter mornings, no more totting up other people's money at the bank, no more making do with last year's dress. I was a beauty queen. I had won £500, and thought it was a fortune.

I saw my picture wherever I went. I had to pose for a news reel and the film was sent round the world. Beauty parlours offered me free treatment as an advertisement. Within a week my face had earned me an additional £500. I never went back to the bank.

Theatrical agents waited on my doorstep just as now I wait on theirs.

I was signed up to appear in a musical revue specially written round my personality—as if such a thing existed. I was told that all I had to do was to walk on the stage and look pretty, my beauty and fame would do the rest.

Leading lady, but—

I was unbalanced by the glamour of it all When I signed the contract to appear on the stage I assumed it must be the Gaiety or Daly's. My first disillusionment came very quickly. The revue in which I had been booked to appear for six months was for third-rate theatres in "number two" towns.

I was the leading lady. I knew nothing about my job. The professionals in the company were very kind, but I felt from the beginning they resented by intrusion. I was just an amateur.

In those early days, when people still knew me as the beauty queen, men used to take their turn to enjoy my company at dinner. I learned to drink champagne. In fact, life seemed to be nothing but champagne.

I was still very innocent. I thought men took me out because they liked me. There were some who took me to smart restaurants because they liked to be seen about with the pretty girl everyone was talking about.

All pretty girls have to put up with that species of bore.

Others took me out to dinner in order to make love to me. There were very few exceptions.

Happily, although I was behaving like a young and inexperienced fool, I was not carried away by their gifts and attentions.

The glamour fades

The revue in the provinces broke up and I found I was no longer a leading lady. I wasn't fit to be in a sixth-rate chorus. I could neither dance, sing, nor act. I had no money. I could not go back to the bank.

I took rooms in a dingy boarding-house and started the round of the agents' offices. Where I had been a welcome visitor six months previously I now found a closed door. I was beginning to pay the price of winning a beauty competition.

Even to-day managers still look on me as a show girl. My life has been a failure and even my beauty is beginning to fade. Presently I shall have nothing left.

Sometimes I think of the thousands of letters I received from all over the world when I won the competition. There were letters from women envying me my fortune and my face. They did not realise that my face was not to be my fortune.

I was swept into a world I was unfitted for and did not understand. I found I had no place in it. Instead of living in comfort I inhabit a back room in a boarding-house and am thankful things are not worse.

How much happier I should have been if I had never heard of beauty competitions and had stuck to my typewriter in the bank off Cheapside!

You may say that the glamour of it all made it worth while. It didn't. Nothing can ever make up for the long years of agony and uncertainty that I have lived through because I was a beauty queen.

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When CARNERA *is Afraid*

SHARKS *who* PREY *on* HIM

by LEON SEE,

the giant boxer's manager

I WRITE as, shall we say, the buffer between Primo Carnera and the great army of "get something for nothing" merchants who are out to fleece him.

A popular figure like Carnera finds them everywhere. In America they were so numerous that a very large percentage of our time was taken up in beating them off.

For they looked on Carnera as easy prey.

Here was a young, apparently simple, Italian who a few years ago was tramping barefooted in search of work among the villages of the South of France and six months later was a world figure.

He had money and to spare. What was more natural than that these tricksters should have some of it.

We unearthed all kinds of plots to get Primo mixed up in affairs with any pretty and innocent-looking girl available.

I happened, on one occasion, to be in his dressing-room at a theatre going through correspondence. Everyone supposed the room to be empty, and I overheard an intricate scheme being discussed next door, beginning with the usual plausible introductions, for compromising Primo with a local beauty and extracting a considerable sum of money in consequence.

The frame-up

Another time we had booked five rooms at a provincial hotel, and while the luggage was being sorted out Primo came to my room. After a time he got up to go to his own room.

I had a vague feeling of uneasiness that I could not possibly explain, and said, "I'll come with you."

We went out, turned a corner in the passage, and Primo opened his door. There stood two women, very confused, one of them half-undressed, with hair purposely disordered and with the clothes she still wore crumpled and torn.

"Don't go in, Primo," I said at once, and pulled him back.

One woman, of course, was to be the victim, and the other was to raise the alarm and act as an eye-witness. It might have landed us in for a good many thousand dollars. There was no doubt about the intentions—the two girls, who had expected only Primo, were too dumbfounded even to attempt an explanation.

But the main lever used by the would-be extortionists was the law itself. In nearly all States the law is framed to protect the American against the foreigner.

The native-born man can make an attachment, without even going to court, on a stranger's money or properties on the ground that the foreigner may leave the State at any time and take the money he owes away with him.

This law the "chisellers"—as the Americans call these crooks who prey on celebrities—were always trying to turn to their advantage.

Easy-money maniacs

I was going to collect the money after Carnera's match in one town and was told there would be none forthcoming. "Why not?" I asked. "Attached," was the reply. A local lawyer, whom I had never heard of, said I owed him 2,000 dollars on behalf of Primo.

"What does it mean?" I asked him. "I don't know you. How can I owe you money?"

"Well," he replied, "I kinda liked both you guys, and last year you wanted an extension to stay in America. I thought I'd help you. So I wrote to Washington. And you got your extension."

"But I never——"

"Wasn't that worth 2,000 dollars?"

I thought not in the circumstances, and we determined to go to court over it. Luckily, we were in one of those States where they do not put you in jail till the money is paid.

We had great difficulty in finding a lawyer to take up our case against another lawyer. Eventually, however, we

Is it another "plant"? He seems to be wondering

managed, at a good deal of expense, to persuade the court that this man could not possibly have had any hand in our extension.

I thought I would be clever after that and delegated, or made over, all my share of the takings next time to an American I could trust. The answer to that was to attach the car in which we were leaving.

Blunt chisellers

This time the "chiseller" was a man who claimed that I had made an arrangement with him to act as my agent in Massachusetts. He wanted 1,500 dollars, and I had to deposit a bond for the value of the car while the matter was being settled.

"Give me 300 dollars and square it," he said. I told him I didn't think that a good arrangement.

"Isn't a bad arrangement better than a good law-suit?" he said. Well, not to me. So we all showed up in court again. The "agent" brought four witnesses, who swore on oath that they were there when the alleged arrangement was made.

Anyhow, we managed to win the case.

But the most brazen of all these attempts, which happened in a New York Street, was successful. A man stopped Primo and asked for a thousand dollars there and then. When Primo gently suggested he should go back where he came from, he said, "Give me a thousand bucks or I sue you."

"Sue me," said Primo, and walked on. The next day he had to pay up!

Then there are the people who try to "get hit" by Carnera. The idea is, of course, substantial damages.

The boxer, Schmelling, fell a victim to that trick in America. A man started to argue with him on a hotel landing, and after apparently working himself into a state of great excitement pushed Schmelling away, and Schmelling quite gently pushed him back.

The man came forward and repeated his action, and this time Schmelling pushed him a little harder; hard enough, in fact, to enable the man to do a graceful fall down the stairs.

He at once insisted on being taken to hospital, and eventually obtained, I believe, 15,000 dollars by his ruse.

In a quiet street in New Orleans a man came up and deliberately hit Carnera. Immediately he had struck the blow he stretched out his hands dramatically and waited for Primo to floor him.

Instead, Primo thanked him politely and said he was evidently being mistaken for someone else.

"Say, are you afraid to hit me?" yelled the man, who then danced and shouted till a crowd collected. He tried to tell them that Carnera had hit him.

On another occasion a man came up to Carnera outside the "Ring" and hit him a terrific blow—enough to knock-out an ordinary man—on the point of the jaw.

One look was enough

Then there was the man who followed us into the train at a small town. I had reserved a compartment for our party, and we had just settled down when someone started hammering on the door and shouting for Carnera. He was another man who wanted to be hit.

I took no notice at first, but the man continued shouting, "Where's the big guy? Bring him out."

This went on at intervals for the entire journey. We deliberately refused to get annoyed, and about ten minutes before arriving at our destination the man stopped his tactics.

When we stepped out on the platform there was our friend, as Primo thought, waiting for him. But a second look reassured us. Except in the ring, I never saw a man so completely defeated.

He let us go without a word. He had wanted to be hit, but he had never before seen Carnera.

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Go do what they did. Excess fat is folly in these scientific days. Get a box of Marmola.

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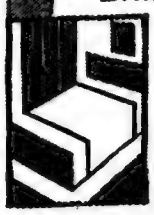

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"How did your trouble affect you, Miss Bird?" I asked.

"I was in agonies with internal Trouble. Never a day without Pain and Misery. Lost Weight! Why, I was just a shadow! I simply dreaded to eat. Excruciating pain was sure to follow. I tried *everything*, but all to no purpose until one day I read about the wonderful success of Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets and decided to give them a trial."

"And then?"

"Why—they were Marvellous! At the end of the very first week I began to feel more comfortable. Slept better. Developed an appetite. A week later all pains were gone, and I felt happy and lively once more. I enjoy every meal and, as for Nerves, I don't know what they are. I wouldn't be without Dr. Cassell Tablets for worlds."

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Thanks only to Dr. Cassell Tablets and to nothing else, I am now fit and well, back to my normal weight, and am starting rehearsals for a new London Show at the end of the month.

I owe a double debt to Dr. Cassell Tablets—renewed Health and Vigour and the saving of my career as a singer.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Betty Harwood.

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How She is MARRIED
at London's Strangest Weddings

A Chinese wedding in London at the Chinese Legation

"A LONDON Wedding," you read. And your mind conjures up a picture of a fashionable marriage at some famous church, or a severely simple one at a register office

But there are others—the strange ceremonies that unite as man and wife foreign residents or followers of the lesser religions.

Go to the Church of St. Sophia in Bayswater and you may see a swarthy Greek taking for his wife a girl whose flashing eyes vie with her gleaming ivory teeth.

Through the aisles floats the perfume of lemon blossom, which forms the crowns that are placed on the heads of the bride and groom. The priest exchanges them three times, while the couple thrice walk round the little table before the altar. Then rings are exchanged.

These two are now one, says the priest, who has heard the wife promise to love, obey and fear her husband. Fear! You would think Greek brides of to-day would revolt at the word, but it is merely an ancient Greek word meaning reverence.

The couple and their friends hurry after the ceremony to the banquet, for it is long since they have tasted "Kourambiés," the little dough cakes, filled with crushed almonds, mixed with rosewater and glazed with sugar, which are baked only on these occasions.

When a Russian couple are married at this church the atmosphere does not seem so gay, although the service is the same. Possibly the difference lies in the wailing music, which only the Russians use, beginning on a very deep note, rising higher and higher into a tremendous crescendo and finishing in a long-drawn-out wail

You may search in vain for an all-Chinese wedding. It is now several years since there was one at the Legation, when a bride and her groom exchanged vows before the shrine of their ancestors. The London Chinese prefer our own register offices, as they nearly all marry English girls now.

* * *

The Japanese have no temple in London. The marriage ceremony takes place at their home. You will find it bright with blossoms: embroideries, silk kakemonos and prints adorn the walls. The bride will stand before the Shinto shrine in her gayest kimono.

The marriage rite is simple enough. Three cups, each one a little smaller than the other, are filled with saké and exchanged between the couple. Behind them stand the witnesses, called in Japanese the "Go Betweens," for it is they who have arranged the first introductions.

After the ceremony there is feasting for the happy pair and their friends, either in their home or a restaurant. Native sweetmeats are eaten, and more saké For a few hours London is no longer an alien capital—it is Dai-Nippon, the Land of the Rising Sun!

The Moslem population of London to-day is surprising, for it comprises Turks, Egyptians, Persians, Arabs and those Indians who are not members of other faiths. But you will not see one of their weddings at their London mosque, near Wimbledon. The ceremonies take place at their home.

The bride must have a dowry, but she has no right in the first place to choose her husband! That is the business of her relatives. But she is consulted and, if veiled, she shows her face. If she does not like the look of the groom chosen for her the match is off.

If she does, a meeting is called, and the relatives—they may number three or four, or hundreds—attend to arrange the matter. The bride-to-be is not usually present, but is represented by a male relation, who affirms that her consent has been given.

A learned man wearing a long robe and a round fur felt cap, who is versed in traditional knowledge, reads from the *Koran* and gives advice on the rights of either side. Then, when all concerned are agreed that the marriage shall take place, the wise man prays again and the husband provides sweetmeats by way of refreshment

* * *

Returning home, he remains a bachelor a little longer, then invites relatives and friends to a feast. Finally, attired in his best clothes, he sets forth to fetch his bride from her weeping relations. And so the marriage ceremony is completed, except for more feasting.

But perhaps the simplest of all is that of our own Society of Friends, the Quakers. There is just a meeting of the Friends, the happy pair sit side by side, and each promises to be loving and faithful to the other. The certificate is read and signed. This is the marriage of perfect equality between the sexes, on which the Quakers pride themselves.

Race with "Silver Ring"

A Useful Dodger

ALEXANDRA PARK with its twists and turns to say nothing of the soup plate around which the horses run in the long events, may make fastidious racegoers smile, but it provides enjoyable sport nevertheless.

The Three-Year-Old Handicap is the chief item on the bill of fare this week-end and several useful performers are engaged.

Bassenthwaite won for Code followers at Liverpool. I do not like passing him over, but I have excellent accounts of Dodger, and Thrale's gelding must be given the vote. I shall leave the Alexandra Handicap to the Code, but Amoya can win the Spring Maiden Plate if started; and I have been told not to miss Bois for the Enfield Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 31, to Wednesday, April 6.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q
C R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

P9896SEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

FPU2C would read SCOOP.

SELECTIONS for APRIL 2
by Our Football Expert

FIRST DIVISION.

**(1) EVERTON v. Grimsby.
(2) W.B. ALBION v. Newcastle.
(3) ARSENAL v. Chelsea.
(4) Birmingham v. ASTON VILLA.
(5) BLACKBURN v. Bolton.
(6) Blackpool v. West Ham.
(7) DERBY v. Huddersfield.
(8) Manchester C. v. Liverpool.
*(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Middlesbrough.
(10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Wednesday.
**(11) SUNDERLAND v. Leicester.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) LEEDS v. Burnley.
(2) PLYMOUTH v. Charlton.
(3) Bristol C. v. WOLVERHAMPTON.
(4) BARNSLEY v. Southampton.
(5) BRADFORD C. v. Chesterfield.
*(6) BURY v. Manchester U.
(7) MILLWALL v. Forest.
(8) Notts County v. Stoke.
(9) OLDHAM v. Bradford.
(10) PORT VALE v. Hotspur.
*(11) SWANSEA v. Preston.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) FULHAM v. Watford.
**(2) READING v. Boscombe.
(3) Southend v. Palace.
*(4) BRENTFORD v. Brighton.
(5) CARDIFF v. Bristol R.
(6) COVENTRY v. Swindon.
(7) EXETER v. Norwich.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Orient.
(9) LUTON v. Torquay.
(10) Northampton v. Q.P. Rangers.
(11) THAMES v. Mansfield.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) GATESHEAD v. Wrexham.
(2) LINCOLN v. Doncaster.
(3) BARROW v. Crewe.
(4) Chester v. Southport.
(5) DARLINGTON v. Rotherham.
*(6) HALIFAX v. Stockport.
(7) Hartlepools v. York.
**(8) HULL v. Rochdale.
(9) New Brighton v. Carlisle.
(10) WALSALL v. Accrington.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS Where no distinction is made a draw is likely Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning Division and number will be quoted as above together with *H* for home and 4 for away team

Example Code: Div. I.—1(*H*); Div. II.—6(*H*); Southern Section—2(*H*); Northern Section—8(*H*) would indicate Everton, Bury, Reading and Hull

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

THOUSANDS of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions."

This prescription is non-purgative—Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 Tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. **Price 1/4 (72) 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.**

FREE
with every Order
and for a limited period only.
Mr. Shadforth's Book.
"The Wealth of Health,"
Published at 2/6.
Containing 330 pages packed with valuable medical information and hundreds of prescriptions written in plain English.
A Book everyone ought to possess.
These medicines may be obtained direct from us or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.
Book No. A. 9 "John Bull," *April 2, 1932.*

Below are some further examples of "SHADFORTH" PRESCRIPTIONS MOST IN USE at THIS SEASON of THE YEAR They will save you many a doctor's bill. Keep them in your medicine chest! In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world's best doctors.

Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a high-class chemist guarantees the quality of these excellent prescriptions.

Each one is prepared according to a proved and tested formula.

NERVE AND HEART TROUBLES

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF.

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. The "**Shadforth**" **Heart Tonic (No. 632)**, popularly known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts, will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness! Have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **13/-** (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling to pieces feeling.

SLIMMING

THE SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX TREATMENT (No. 575/DD).
COMPRISES:

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals. (Price **2/6** and **4/6** per box).
(2) Marienbad Salts, to be taken in the morning and before meals. (Price **1/6** and **3/-** per package).
(3) A Special Fat Reducing Massage Cream. (Price **2/6** and **4/6** per jar).
(4) A Special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin. (Price **1/3** per tablet).

This simultaneous four-fold attack is remarkably successful. The complete fourfold treatment, with directions, costs **7/6** (2 weeks' treatment), and **14/6** (4 weeks' treatment). Each item is supplied separately if desired.

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, jaundice, gall stones and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2000.)** Prices **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

SKIN and COMPLEXION TROUBLES

THE SHADFORTH BEAUTY COURSE FOR THE GIRL OF MODERATE MEANS.

Comprises a special medicated Sulphur Soap, and "Shadforth" Complexion Tonic Lotion for use after washing, and the "Shadforth" Complexion Tonic Prescription in tablet form.

This constitutes the world's best triplex beauty treatment, and is supplied with full directions. It removes Acne or Blackheads, Pimples, Redness, Blemishes, and Sallow Complexion. The Beauty Parlour price of similar treatment runs from 2 to 5 guineas. Ask for **Shadforth Beauty Course (No. 442/T.)** Prices **3/9** and **6/-**.

BRAIN SPARKLERS

Are MAGIC PELLETS *that*

MAKE **work a pleasure**
HOLD **that well-paid job**
REVIVE **your interest in life**

GET **you that well-paid job**
CURE **mental depression**
RELIEVE **the strain on the brain**

SHADFORTH
"BRAIN SPARKLERS"
Shadforth "Brain Sparklers"—the wonderful Brain Tonic Tablets—make you brighter in an hour and a new man in 2 days.
Prices:
1/9 (25) 3/3 (50)
6/- (100)

FOR BRAIN WORKERS

Brain Sparklers dispel Absent-mindedness, Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude.

A MEDICINE FOR THE MIND

Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Run-down Conditions, Sleepiness, Weakness. Send for the Prescription No. **470.**
A proved Remedy.

COLD IN THE NOSE OR HEAD
CATARRH, BRONCHIAL COUGH and INFLUENZA.

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 231/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Price: **2/9, 4/6, 8/6** and **13/-.**

BLOOD PRESSURE LOWERED
ARTERIES YOUNGER. HEART STRONGER.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "**Shadforth**" **Simple Home Treatment** for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1100/T.** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

All these prescriptions are obtainable post free at these special prices (abroad extra) from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.

49 (J.B. 109) King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4.

Branches: 409 Barking Road, East Ham, E.6. 168 High Street, Walthamstow, E.17. 63 Grove Road, Bow, E.3, etc., etc.

Leading chemists including Boots, Taylors, Timothy White, Squires, Lewis and Burrows, etc., stock, or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return post from Mr. Shadforth.

BACKACHE & LUMBAGO

For backache nothing is better than this tablet, composed of Potas. Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the Bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 46.)** Prices: **1/9** (50). **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 tablets).

CHILDREN'S TROUBLES
THE YOUNG FOLKS' TONIC

NEVERILL-VITAMIN-SUNSHINE.
A Scientific Substitute for Sunshine.
(Prescription 1063).

Prescribed in Anæmia, Chlorosis, Chorea, Debility, Malnutrition, Rickets, and threatened Tuberculosis.

This prescription contains Vitamin and provides just that addition to diet which makes all the difference between a healthy and a morbid organism. The chlorophyll, which has been termed "bottled sunshine," assists in the manufacture of red blood corpuscles.
Prices **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter" (No. 285).** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Price: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

SCIATICA, NEURITIS

PAINFUL NERVE-SHEATH INFLAMMATION.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatic-Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "**Shadspro**" **Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 283.)** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

SLEEPLESSNESS

Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap, and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hopfield. Dispensed as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 32)** in boxes at **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100 pills).

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY MORNING

If people realised the power for good health that lies in the habit of drinking water there would be much less illness. As a common-sense health measure every man and woman ought to drink a glass of hot water each morning before breakfast, but if you are troubled with sick headaches, bad complexion, furred tongue or biliousness, or are subject to rheumatism, indigestion or constipation, you should stir in a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate. Any chemist can supply you with a quarter-pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate for 2s., and this simple addition to your morning glass of hot water will wash away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile, and poisonous toxins. This daily cleansing will keep your system free of uric acid and other impurities and will thus ensure physical and mental fitness.

HOT BATHS FOR RHEUMATISM

It is a fact well known to the medical profession that in severely painful cases of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, backache, etc., a course of hot medicated baths at some good mineral spring can always be depended upon to produce quick results. I know from personal experience the good results produced by hot sulphur baths, alkaline and saline baths, mud baths and mineral springs of various kinds; but after trying most of the well-known resorts both here and on the Continent I found a treatment at home which proved even better and certainly more prompt and lasting in its effects, also far more convenient. Never before did I experience the inexpressibly gratifying relief which followed a hot bath in which I had dissolved a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' a compound which I obtained at trifling cost from my chemist. An occasional medicated and oxygenated bath thus produced has for nearly three years kept me entirely free of the constant gnawing, grinding, piercing pains, muscular soreness, and stiff joints which once made life utterly miserable for me.—C. H. N.

NOTE.—'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' the original preparation for oxygenating water, has been rendered even more effective by being TRIPLE-oxygenated. Also the amount in the packets has been greatly increased without increase in price, which is still only 1s. 6d.

here's money in your pocket!

Start making your own cigarettes—and see the saving! 2/6 a week for average smokers! Over £6 a year!

In AG Papers they are *quite easy* to roll, either thick or thin as you need at the moment. Better and cooler smokes too, if you use only the chemical-free

AG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

The Paper of Perfect Purity

Our Letter Parliament

AFTER three short years of marriage, my husband ordered me peremptorily out of his house one evening as I returned from a theatre. He accused me of an outrageous indiscretion of which I was entirely innocent.

Aghast and deeply humiliated when he refused to allow me to explain, I obeyed him and left then and there.

He had been the best friend I had ever had, but he failed me shamefully when he refused to trust me.—M. A. W., Manchester.

Friends who Failed Us

WHILE spending my holidays at Worthing, a man saved me from drowning. We became great friends.

Last summer I invited him to spend a few days at my home. The third morning after he had arrived, I awoke to find he had decamped with £15 belonging to my mother.

His motto must have been "Money for your life."—*E. H., South Wales.*

Love Thief

After going together for about a year, my young man and I decided to see nothing of each other for three months to test our affection.

A date was fixed on which we should meet, but that very night a telegram came saying my mother was dying. I quickly wrote a note to my sweetheart and asked a girl friend to take it to him.

Later she confessed to me that she fell in love with him at first sight and never gave him my note. So to this day he thinks I had forgotten our pact. She is the Mrs. B—— I should have been, while I remain Miss.—*Old Maid, Salisbury.*

Why "Spot" Failed

I alighted from the 'bus at the terminus and instantly missed "Spot." "Strange," I thought, "he knows my time; for three years now he has welcomed me."

I wasn't long in doubt, for on entering the house I found my wife in tears and "Spot" lying across her knees—dead. An onrushing 'bus was the cause behind my "friend's" failure.—*A. S., Glasgow.*

Soldier Judas

I was a soldier out in India, and, having saved up £31, I thought the safest way to get it to my widowed mother was to send it by my pal, who was sailing for England.

Just think of my disgust when I got to know that he had told my mother I was drinking all my money away and had not even given her any message from me.—*Gr., R.F.A.*

He Didn't Try

My pal "Nobby" was in a boxing contest, and we had staked all the money we could on his winning. He should have made short work of his less experienced rival.

But I have never seen "Nobby" fight so poorly; he missed a dozen good chances for a knock-out, and eventually lost on points.

When I protested, he said: "Well, the kid's mother was there to see him *win*; she was talking to me in the morning, not knowing who I was, and told me how her heart was set on it. So," he finished lamely, "there y'ar."—*T. W., Brighton.*

The Winner!

It was Derby Day. I fancied a horse, and gave a lifelong friend £10 to put on it. The odds were 100 to 1. I heard the result broadcast: I had won. Returning a little later, my friend, with confusion, confessed she had neglected to back the horse.

Next week, however, she bought a car and a dazzling array of expensive clothes, from which I could only conclude that the best of friends are not to be trusted.—"*A Disillusioned Friend.*"

House Snatcher

Some years ago I was compelled to live in two small rooms at an excessive rent. Hearing of a small vacant house, I interviewed the owner and was promised the key. I was so overjoyed at the prospects that I confided in my friend of twenty years' standing. Judge my surprise when a few days later my wife learned that this so-called friend had secured the house.

He had approached the landlord and indicated that as I was out of work I could not afford the cost of removal.—*A. B. W., Eccleston, near Liverpool.*

Jerry Friendship

My friend was a builder, and offered to erect a house for me at a reasonable figure.

He did. In a few weeks the doors took on a curve, the wind swept through the window frames, and one night the ceiling came down to engulf me.

Now I live in an old cottage which does keep out the rain, but I bought it from a stranger—not a friend!—*R. A.*

The Job-Stealer

I was unemployed, and received a job which was to last for one month. At the end of the first day of starting, I was sacked without any explanation.

Later, I found that my friend, whom I had told about the job, had gone to the employer and offered himself at lower wages.

He had stolen my job.—*A. N., Bensham.*

Motherhood First

After seven childless years we found there was at last to be a little stranger.

Joyfully I told a friend of ten years' standing—only to meet with a tirade about the folly of poor people having children, when they might not be able to give them the advantages they had had themselves.

I do not think there will be any more friendship between us—motherhood comes first.—*Mrs. F., London.*

Share Snare

On my friend's advice I invested £25 of my hard-earned savings in a mining company.

Six days afterwards I found the company's prospects were *nil.*

On that day I received from my bank the broker's "transfer" of shares for my signature. To my amazement I saw that the seller of those shares was my friend. Needless to say, I immediately sold, but I lost nine pounds—and one friend! —*H. T., Paignton.*

False Charge

Helping at a charity bazaar with my friend, I noticed that a ten-shilling note was missing. I mentioned it to my friend, who ridiculed my statement, and I left it at that.

A fortnight later I was facing the committee on a charge of stealing, made by my friend, who said that he had seen me taking money from the cash-box.

I protested my innocence, but was not believed. Nobody, they said, would lay a grave charge against their best friend without a good reason. But he did.—*S. K., S.E.*23.

* * *

He jilted me as soon as he knew I was to become a mother.—*E. P., Steps.*

I took a fellow into my office who had been my trench-mate in France. He absconded with my money.—*A. D., Middlesex.*

We had decided to migrate together, but when the time came he failed me. I had to sail alone.—*J. M., Tredegar, Mon.*

I helped him out—with money that was not mine. He promised to repay me before the loss could be discovered. He failed; saved himself, but ruined me.—*Old Reader, N. London.*

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

"Advertiser and Times" (Clitheroe):—"When a complaint of interference by 'osculation' is received."

DUNDALK EXAMINER:—"—— was prosecuted for alleged reckless driving of a WATER CAN."

WEST BRITON AND CORNWALL ADVERTISER:—"For sale—OWING TO INDIFFERENT HEALTH—30 pedigree Rhode Island Hens."

SURREY TIMES:—"The horse attached to the plough was very lame in the near HIND FORE foot."

WESTERN STORIES:—"We could hear the clippity-clop of a RIDERLESS horse bringing his MASTER home."

CLEVEDON MERCURY AND COURIER:—"Fortunately the coachman . . . quieted the TEARS of the horse."

FLYING ACES:—"Now the fighting wheel is a very old tactical trick. Any cadet at tactical school at Issoudun could tell about it. That deadly, revolving offensive had been NELSON'S strategy against the SPANISH ARMADA at TRAFALGAR."

COLWYN BAY AND NORTH WALES WEEKLY NEWS:—"Mr. —— will sell by public RUCTION."

WEST HERTS POST:—"The van had been left there about seven YEARS each morning."

LEADER:—"Address all solutions on a POSTCARD to ——. A prize of 5s. will be awarded for the first correct solution OPENED."

PORTADOWN TIMES:—"The horse apparently trod on a LOOSE INFIRMARY."

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 5.

What I Wish I'd Never Said

GENEROUS

IN THE QUALITY AND THE QUANTITY THEY GIVE TO SMOKERS.

PLAYER'S

The Full Value Cigarette

10 for 6d.
20 for 11½d.

N.C.C.97.

'ASPRO' GIVES HELP AND PROTECTION TO MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD

PAIN-EPIDEMIC COMPLAINTS-COLDS-INFLUENZA AND SLEEPLESSNESS QUICKLY YIELD TO ITS INFLUENCE

We live in an age of change. Old ideas and old systems have outlived themselves. Medicine now has to fulfil a world demand for quick relief, quick service and quick healing. That is why 'ASPRO' has come to the fore as the master medicine of the civilised world. It caters for all—for the old and the young, for all nations; it is a universal remedy for the quick relief of pain—for the banishment of epidemic complaints. It relieves rheumatism in one night, brings sweet sleep to the sleepless, and helps every member of the household from old to young. The action of 'ASPRO' is a soothing one—it does not harm the heart, neither does it create a habit. It is a known fact that two 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink will smash up the most obstinate influenza attack. 'ASPRO' saves you lying up. It saves time, money and expense. It frees you from the aches and pains of the strenuous life. 'ASPRO' means insurance against pain for every home, for those who keep a packet for protection. Even a 3d. packet will enable you to try 'ASPRO' and obtain the most wonderful benefits. Why not try 'ASPRO' to-day?

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR
INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA GOUT
LUMBAGO COLDS
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC
AFTER-EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA

THESE TROUBLESOME TIMES ARE FINDING NEW COMPLAINTS

It is a fact that in these troublesome times, the worry and anxiety brought in their train have found new complaints that seem to defy diagnosis.

THE REASON WHY 'ASPRO' CAN HELP YOU IS THIS

The reason why you should take 'ASPRO' at the inception is because it attacks the cause of numerous complaints. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' acts as an Anti-Pyretic (or fever reducer), an Internal Antiseptic, a Germicide, and a solvent of Uric Acid. As 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart and is not habit forming, and can be taken by both old and young, there is no reason at all why all should not partake of its wonderful pain-relieving and health-protecting properties.

'ASPRO' IS ALL-BRITISH

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.
Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY., LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS. Tel.: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.
Made by ASPRO, LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

'ASPRO' ASSISTANCE IS QUICK AND DEFINITE

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL—3d 6d 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

Good-bye to Varicose Ulcers

Mr. G. Blankley, 11, Hillside, Stoke Heath, Coventry, *writes*: "For three years my wife was lying helpless in bed with Varicose Ulcers in the legs. I had doctors' and other medicines for her, but none seemed to do any good, and I gave up all hope of her getting better until I saw an advertisement of Clarke's Blood Mixture. I thought I would give it a trial, and I can honestly tell you that after a few months' treatment my wife can now walk about, do her work with ease and comfort, and get a good night's sleep."

THE ONLY WAY

To treat disease you must remove the cause from the blood: Clarke's Blood Mixture goes to the root of the complaint and has remarkable healing properties.

Famous for Blood & Skin Disorders, Rheumatic Complaints, Rashes, Eczema, Psoriasis, Sores, Etc.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

Now obtainable in TABLET form as well. Convenient and equally reliable as the liquid Clarke's Blood Mixture.
Of all Chemists and Stores 3/- per bottle.

The Daily Round

Do your FEET make it a weary task?

EVEN the pleasantest duty is made irksome by tired feet. When feet ache, you ache all over—until you dip them into a soothing 'Tiz' footbath. What a relief! Foot aches and pains disappear, swelling is reduced and fiery burning vanishes. 'Tiz' is unique in being astringent in action; thus it tightens up the relaxed tissues and makes your feet feel refreshed, invigorated and strengthened.

'TIZ' for TIRED FEET *soothes and strengthens*

40 tablets 1/3

TO MEET A DEMAND.

The enormous popularity of "CLUBS" CIGARETTES has resulted in the installation of wonderful modern machinery at CARRERAS' huge factory in Hampstead Road, London.

Machines which can manufacture 400,000 "CLUBS" CIGARETTES a day have been specially designed to meet the huge public demand for these cigarettes, which sell at 5 for 2d.

THREE TIMES RUNNING "John Bull's" huge X-word Prize has been won outright! Fill up the squares and join the circle of winners!

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE

or £1,250 Cash

£50 EXTRA FOR RUNNERS-UP

THIS LATTER AWARD WILL BE PAID IF PRIZE BE DIVIDED

WIN "JOHN BULL'S" HUGE PRIZE FOR THIS X-WORD!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for Life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 14th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 21st.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, April 7th.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, April 21st, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, May 3rd, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE.

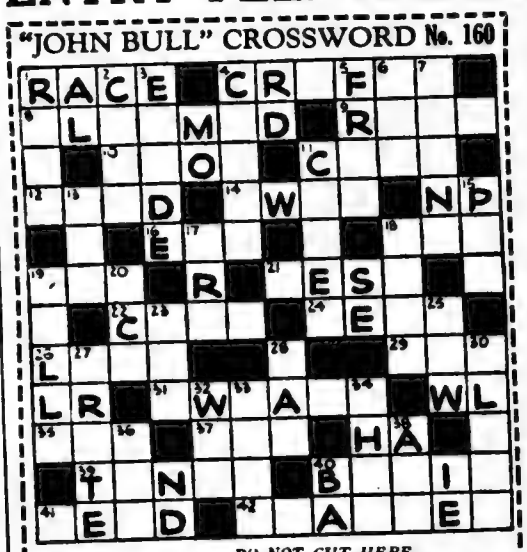
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE.
With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { See Rule 1.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 158

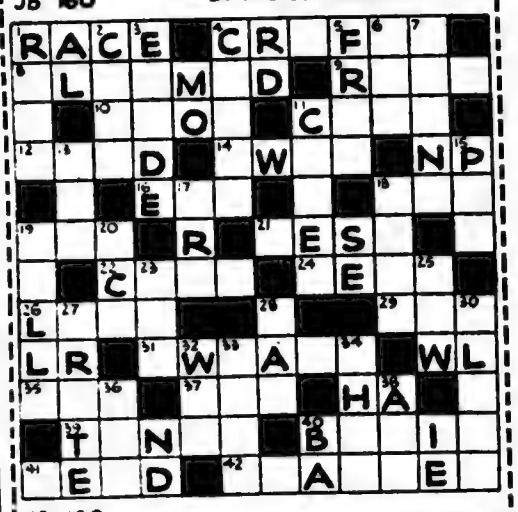
JB 160.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 158 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 160



JB 160 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB 160

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't Omit your Name and Address

X-WORD PENSION AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT! See result of Competition No. 157 on page 2.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Speed contest.
4. Work's put into these.
8. Scared.
9. May describe a pudding.
10. Greenstuff is, for us.
11. Land which juts out.
12. An outhouse.
14. Absent.
16. Contraction of "ever."
18. The ocean.
19. Health resort.
21. Helps one through the day.
22. Leaves its marks behind.
24. Costly.
26. Untruths.
29. Steal.
31. Bullying employer does this.
35. Lap dog's bark.
37. Dried grass.
39. Male singer.
40. Puddings are boiled in.
41. What shot may be.
42. Way some goods are made.

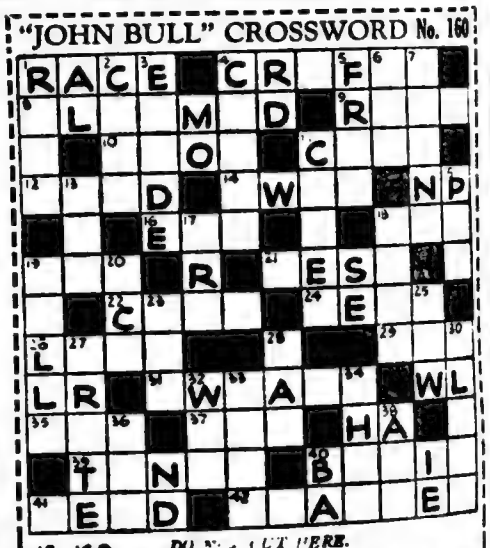
CLUES DOWN.

1. They make you think house haunted.
2. Where songster sometimes performs.
3. Eat away.
4. Red wood.
5. Edges of cloth do this.
6. Gratuity.
7. Part of a play.
11. To be this makes youth wild.
13. Grows on a plant.
15. If it's cut, suffering's caused.
17. Stray.
18. First-class performer.
19. Girl is sometimes called this.
20. One-spot card.
23. Donkey.
25. A quarrel.
27. Wrathful.
28. Hens do this, if properly kept.
30. May describe a beggar.
32. What person!
33. You hear with these.
34. Pretence.
36. Is found in a pod.
38. Serpent.

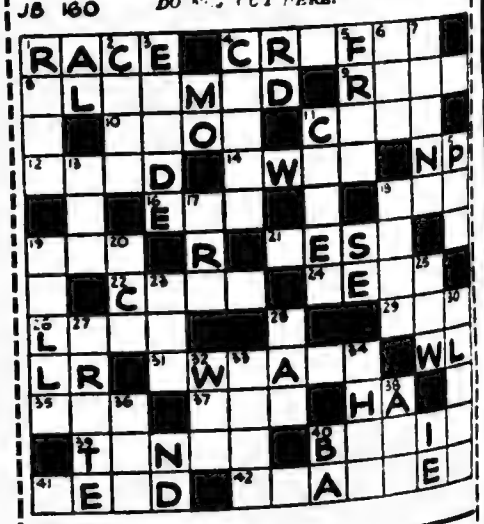
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, April 7.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 160



JB 160 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB 160

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't Omit your Name and Address

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 160), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Closes

The Editor Laughs Last

If you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. "John Bull" does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

T. M. (Ingatestone).—"I cannot tell a lie." When did you lose your voice?

E. L. (Ely).—"Will you please excuse the envelope?" Yes, but not the letter.

A. C. (Leicester).—"Talk is always cheap." Except on the Trans-Atlantic 'phone.

D. B. (Croydon).—"Barley water is the best of all drinks." That won't go down with most people.

H. M. (Colne).—"I wouldn't marry the most beautiful girl in the world." Well, that's a load off her mind.

B. H. (Hull).—"Blue is seldom a fast colour." Sir Malcolm Campbell will beg to differ.

FARMER (Bridgnorth).—"The ground needs a lot of rain." Can't you hang on until the summer?

M. T. (Luton).—"However late my husband comes home I always meet him with a kiss." For love, or investigation?

T. P. (Harrow).—"To win a motor race you must diet like a jockey." Less waist, more speed.

C. R. (Kirkstall).—"Homes are kept cleaner than they used to be." Naturally. They are lived in much less.

B. T. (Golders Green).—"Do you think really clever men make good husbands?" No, they don't become husbands.

C. L. (Braintree).—"Can you tell me of a good remedy for seasickness?" Perfectly smooth cold water is the best one we know.

D. U. (Yarmouth).—"Some of our modern girls are nothing but animated dolls." But they don't call "Mamma" when they're squeezed.

B. V. (Keighley).—"We can hope for a really warm and sunny summer this year." Of course we can, but the chances are that we shan't get it.

A. S. (Bourne).—"As I write this letter a male thrush is singing happily in a tree outside." Why not? He does not have to read it.

R. M. (York).—"Will you come to the dance I am giving on the first of April?" Sorry, but we never attend birthday parties.

P. D. (Elland).—"Would it be possible to have my poems printed as 'A Collection'?" Not unless you first collect your thoughts.

G. H. (Cambridge).—"There is a great deal of pleasure to be got out of marriage." A married reader says there is certainly none to be got in it.

G. F. (Liverpool).—"My twin boys are so much alike that we hardly know which of them does the naughty things." That's a matter to be thrashed out at home.

J. M. (Goole).—"I am thinking of sending my boy to college. How much will it cost?" Nothing. There is no charge for thinking.

J. F. (Gt. Missenden).—"I can tell any girl's character from her clothes." We assure you some girls have more character than that.

T. S. (Bacup).—"Our Angling Association thought of holding their annual dinner on the river bank." But that's where they drew the line.

N. B. (Tamworth).—"A youth who does not keep his eyes on his nails will never make a perfect gentleman." Nor a good carpenter.

H. N. (Colchester).—"I hate to hear the wind howling like a child in pain." We are not very keen on the bagpipes, either.

F. M. (London, W.).—"I've had a thought running through my mind all day." And it's had plenty of room to exercise.

T. M. (Atherstone).—"Do you know where I wrote this letter?" No, nor why.

P. N. (Enfield).—"Our new paying guest is a vegetarian." A herbaceous border.

G. J. (Hackney).—"I took my husband with me to the butcher." Making a joint complaint?

D. S. (Eccles).—"Prosperity is now in sight." So is Mars.

C. B. (Bury).—"I can think better in the dark." Then why not write your letters at night?

G. J. S. (Hull).—"Thirteen has proved an unlucky number for me." A judge and jury?

P. E. (Trafford).—"I don't sleep very well." Ever try reading over your own letters?

G. K. (Totnes).—"I have been knocking about the world for years." We know your kind of golf.

N. H. (Surbiton).—"I did want to write so badly." And you certainly have done so.

W. A. (Westcliff).—"My wife got me guessing." She ought to have had another guess.

W. H. (Oxford).—"Are you aware that nine out of every ten lectures submitted to the B.B.C. are never broadcast?" Yes, but this is not enough.

H. M. (Truro.)—"I always run downstairs two at a time." But what if there happens to be an odd number?

D. T. (Chelsea).—"What can I do to cure knock-knees?" Wear plus fours.

H. S. (Reading).—"My girl told me she had said 'No' for the last time." Then she should agree to your next proposal.

MANAGER (London, E.C.).—"When I was a boy I never told lies." But later found them useful?

T. C. (Surbiton).—"What would a day in the country be without the sun?" Dull.

A. T. (Brixton).—"What should I get with a ten-valve wireless set?" Fed up, probably.

L. A. (Slough).—"The average British tourist on the Continent is like a sheep." Because he is always fleeced?

A. N. (Warrington).—"Yet again I am submitting to you an article. Don't you think I am trying?" Yes, very.

T. S. (Swansea).—"I file all the letters I send you." Even that doesn't seem to give them any point.

D. M. (London, N.).—"A play entitled 'Winter' had to close down after two nights." Evidently it was a frost.

N. B. (Polesworth).—"Oliver Cromwell used to encourage all the small boys he met to ask him questions." But they did not have cigarette cards in those days.

A. J. (Cardiff).—"A new cloth composed mainly of elastic is stated as likely to prove bad for the tailoring trade." Customers will certainly be able to wear their clothes longer at a stretch.

GEO. R. (Morecambe).—"Is it the case that haggis dinners are becoming almost unknown in Scotland?" Yes, and the country has many other attractions that should attract the tourist.

HUBBY (Dartford).—"Why do women flock to drapers' sales?" Because they can there get the things they don't want most cheaply.

G. S. (Brixton).—"What prospects are there to-day for a man of thirty-five?" Well, here's one. The prospect of winning *Bullets* Record First on page 35 and drawing over £10,000 from JOHN BULL in cash and pension payments.

B. M. (Bristol).—"Burglars will sometimes watch a house for weeks until they know just where to put their hands on certain articles." They must get a lot of disappointments during the Spring-cleaning season.

R. G. (Hyde).—"In South America, there is supposed to be a plant, the juice of which makes people see visions of things that could never have happened." In North America, they have Hollywood.

S. J. (Kew).—"A man who fell from an upper storey in New York landed on the back of a car and was unhurt." He immediately cancelled the order he had given in passing an undertaker's window.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ADAMSON'S
Bathing-costume

A "GETTING-UP" PROBLEM SOLVED

How to clean false teeth easily and simply

To make the general routine of life go smoothly day after day, the first necessity is to simplify it in every possible direction. In no part of the daily round is this more important than in the business of getting up in the morning. For most of us, it must be admitted, this far too easily degenerates into an uncomfortable scramble. If one small item in it goes wrong, the day begins very badly indeed—and generally continues so. An important daily detail which many of us have to face is the cleaning of false teeth. Far from having found the quickest or easiest way of doing this, there are hundreds who have failed to discover any efficient way of cleaning false teeth at all. It is a matter of the greatest satisfaction to those of us who have discovered Milton that this well-known preparation has ended at one stroke all trouble on this score. As one of many thousands of correspondents testifies, it is its "simple efficacy" which is so valuable. This correspondent goes on to remark that "he merely puts about a half-teaspoonful (of Milton) in a tumbler of water with his dentures, with the result that they are delightfully clean and feel clean and delectable in the mouth without using a brush at all." It is important to remember that Milton cannot harm the denture provided the latter contains no base metals—which no good denture ever contains. A bottle of Milton costs 6d.

HARD WORK MEANS HARD WEAR

FOR YOUR OVERALLS

The Overall you need is one which you never think about while working. It must be comfortable, hard wearing, and the price must be reasonable. By asking for the New Lybro "Easy-fit" you will be completely satisfied. There are more and better pockets, greater comfort and freedom, and increased protection. There is also the special anti-shrink dungaree, the double-stitching and treble-tacking. Prices are for garments up to size 44 waist and chest. O.S. extra.

6/6

Ask your Outfitter for Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls — in Blue, Tan and Brown. See the REDBUTTON

Bib and Brace Overalls 6/6; Ditto—Double Knees 7/6; Jackets or Trousers 5/11
Boiler Suits 9/11
Ditto, with Zip 11/6

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

CVR. 47

CUT FOR COMFORT—MADE FOR WEAR

END THE TORTURES OF JAGGED NERVES

Nerves! The horror of them! The way they make life unbearable for the sufferer and miserable for those around! And usually they go from bad to worse.

Yet actually there is a very simple way to cure nearly all nervous troubles, a way that doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis Way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for Wincarnis is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

A FINE PACKET

is the ZIG-ZAG packet; each paper taken releases the next, ready-for-use. ZIG-ZAGS ensure a *fresh* smoke. And they save you big money. Use ZIG-ZAG.

ZIG-ZAG
CIGARETTE PAPERS

RAGING AGONY that "Daisy" ended

"I was afraid I should never end the raging agony of my neuralgia," writes Mrs. Clay-Johnson, of South Porter St., Ancoats, Manchester. "Every remedy seemed like water on a duck's back until someone suggested Daisy. The relief was so wonderful that I almost cried with joy."

2D. each
Packet of 4 Powders 7½D.

There are no harmful drugs, no aspirin, nothing to upset your heart or digestion in Daisy. It soothes and heals the throbbing nerves like a charm and makes life worth living for millions.

"DAISY"
HEADACHE POWDERS

Daisy Ltd., Horsforth Leeds.

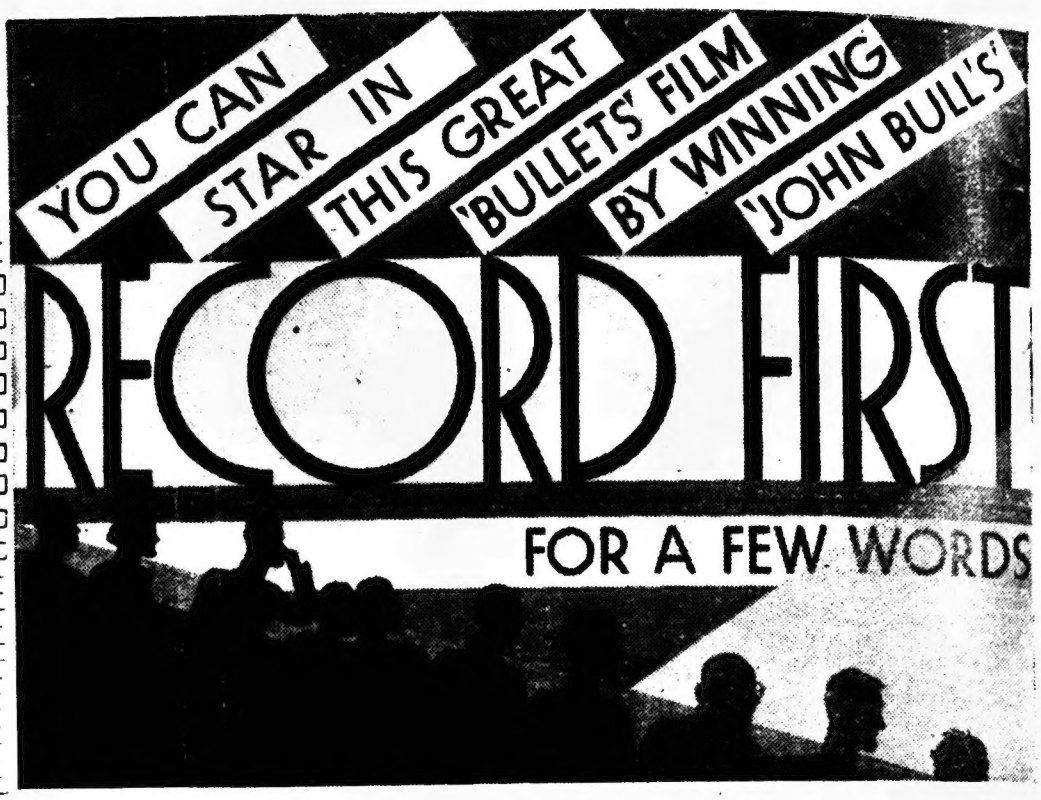
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
ABSCESSES!
STUBBORN CASES YIELDS TO VITADATIO

Mrs. PRICE, 42, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from V167
VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS



WHICH MIGHTY PRIZE FOR YOU?

WHO is to be the next *Bullets* "Star"? Who is the next reader of JOHN BULL to be whisked away to a land of wealth and contentment—to enjoy lifelong independence which even Hollywood cannot offer?

The auditions are now commencing. The *Bullets* microphone awaits your two, three or four well-chosen words, fitted to one of the *Examples* on the opposite page.

The First Prize placed within your reach this week smashes all records of the past. It may mean that you will soon have the choice of either a £6 weekly Life Pension with £1,500 pocket-money—or the staggering lump sum of 4,500 Guineas.

Think how rosy life would look if you knew that in addition to a £1,500 balance at the bank you were assured of a JOHN BULL cheque for £6 each Saturday for the rest of your life!

Of, if the picture is more to your liking, imagine the arrival of a fortune of 4,500 Guineas—enough to buy the house of your dreams, all the luxuries you have longed for, provide for your family, and still leave you wealthy!

First, however, you must choose the words for the *Bullets* you are entering in this memorable contest. You have only a few days to bring the First Prize telegram to your door on Friday, April 29.

OVER £1,500 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,250, COMPETITION No. 841:

Mrs. M. M. DENHAM, 19, Green Lane, Copnor, Portsmouth.

Example:—HARD TO ESCAPE
Bullet:—LIE'S CONSEQUENCES—CONSEQUENTLY, LIES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. F. PELL, Biddenham, Bedford.
Example:—Sweeping
Bullet:—"Little Sweeps" Keep Mother.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. K. M. WHITE, "Peveril," The Avenue, Bessacarr, Doncaster.
Example:—Rich Uncle
Bullet:—Raises Hopes—Then Family!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. A. BEESON, Oakwood, Nightingale Road, Rickmansworth.
Wants Everything—Or Has—Tiresome Neighbour.

Mrs. S. J. BELL, Bridge Street, Great Kimble, Bucks.
A Whisper—Announces "King *Baby's*" Coming.

Mrs. D. GARRATT, 34, Heathside Road, Manchester.
Rich Uncle—Counts "Sheep"—Relatives, "Chickens."

W. M. LEWIS, 59, Oakwood Street, Port Talbot.
As Soon As I'm In—"Tub," Other Boarders "Thumping."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

D. MacCLELLAN, 43, Albion Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
A Whisper—"Snowball" That *Blackened* Her.

J. NEALE, 45, Warwick Street, Leicester.
Hard To Escape—Unless "Helped From Within."

Cpl. J. PHELAN, R.A.F., 11 (Old) Married Quarters, Manston, Ramsgate.
Keeps Us Busy—Doing Dora—Dora's "Don't's."

F. J. POWELL, 98, High Street, W. Glossop.
Hard To Escape—Law—To "Grasp." Laws.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. SELLER, White Gate Farm, Morton, Bristol.
Keeps Us Busy—Bell, After Fortune's "Knock."

C. J. SHANNON, 33, The Avenue, Askern, Doncaster.
Rich Uncle—*Taking* "Johnny's" Ha'pence, "Sam."

TWELVE PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. H. CROSSLEY, 66, Ringley Fold, Manchester.
Impudence—The *Other* Nations' Tariffs!

H. GOFTON, 6, The Gardens, Filey.
As Soon As I'm In—"Unless You're In Sooner—"

L. JONES, 26, Gladstone Road, Chesham, Bucks.
Wants Everything—Wifey—Who Wants Wifey?

Miss E. MAUNDER, 12, Ballantrae Road, Liverpool.
Treading Warily—"Try *Small* Outsize, Madam!"

A McGREGOR, 92, High View North, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Cheering Message—Sandy Reading "No Flowers."

T. M. MICHELL, Penhale, Fecck, Truro.
Rich Uncle—Lived Alone—Died, Surrounded.

T. D. SLEE, Flowerpot Cottages, Mareham Lane, Sleaford, Lincs.
Coming Through—Ether, Nightmares—Who's Asleep?

F. SMITH, 13, Fifth Avenue, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Man Who Can't Pay—Often Moneylender's Best Investment.

M. E. SMITH, 23, Trafalgar Road, Weston, Bath.
Sweeping—Victory—Mistress Finds Cobweb.

J. C. STRANGEWAYS, 4, Stoneycroft Close, Old Swan, Liverpool.
Father's Gardening, So—Lawn's Only "Carpet" Respected.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. URQUHART, Carlton Hayes, Narborough, Leicester.
Lucky Find—My Wife—Plucky Kind.

P. G. H. WOODRUFF, 42, Rokesly Avenue, London, N
Strong Cabinet—Trembles Under Auntie's Aspidistra.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices. All Prizes have been posted.

The 50 winners of £1 and over have received Season Tickets entitling them to enter four free "Bullets" weekly for twelve months.

In accordance with our published announcement the sum of £100 will be divided amongst the winners printed above who were registered readers of "Bullets" Bulletin by March 12.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 840 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. G. Elliott, Grande Rue, St. Martin's, Guernsey, C.I.

£100 BONUS PAID

OF the twenty-three published prize-winners in Competition No. 840, thirteen were eligible to share in the £100 Bonus offered to registered readers of *Bullets Bulletin*.

Accordingly, the following winners, whose addresses appeared last week, have each received a cheque for £7 13s. 11d.:—J. Atkinson; D. Davis (Glossop); D. Davis (Borough, S.E.); R. M. Fanshawe; W. G. Harrison; Mrs. G. Hawley; L. Richards; F. H. Robinson; Mrs. H. Scott; R. J. Scott; A. F. Seago; J. Symes; R. Wilson.

FREE "BULLETS" AID

Without the weekly assistance of JOHN BULL'S free *Bullets Bulletin*, the thirteen competitors above might never have reached the winning list.

Whether you are entering *Bullets* for the first time this week or have already discovered the thrill of chasing big prizes, you will surely benefit by the aid of this guide to the prize-list.

"I was foolish enough to think that *Bullets Bulletin* could teach me nothing," writes Mr. F. J. Fryer, 15, High Street, Dolwyddelen, N. Wales, who has won numerous *Bullets* prizes, including "printeds" of £25 and £5. "But this week's issue . . ."

"Your *Bullets Bulletin* is a much more helpful publication than I had anticipated," says Mr. A. H. Stott, 17, Priest Hill, Caversham. "By its guidance a newcomer is enabled to glide into the *Bullets* style."

"Your weekly *Bullets Bulletin* is a first-class tonic for those who are suffering from a weak *Bullets* system," is the opinion of Mr. J. Peake, 90, Wesleyan Street, Glasgow.

To get the benefit of this free weekly budget of hints and encouragement you have only to complete the coupon below, which brings 12 consecutive issues for the mere cost of postage. Post it off to-night if you want its guidance in winning this week's Record Prize.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

send this with your entry

—"BULLETS" DEPT., O'HAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

HOW TO WIN "BULLETS" MAMMOTH FIRST

WITHIN the next half-hour you may have made up the *Bullet* which will capture your choice between two staggering prizes—a Life Pension of £6 a Week with £1,500, or 4,500 Guineas in one lump sum.

Any of the *Examples* on this page may be the basis of your winning *Bullet*. Read them through carefully, therefore, marking those which most appeal to you, and jotting down the various rough ideas which they suggest to your mind.

To make a prize-worthy *Bullet*, all you have to do is to compress a rough idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up neatly with the *Example* chosen and form an apt and original comment. To show you the way to go to work, suppose you have chosen to tackle the *Example* OUR RECORD. Well, by adding the words AND CAMPBELL, FORTUNATELY "UNSCRATCHED," you would complete a *Bullet*.

Before starting on your own efforts, spare a few moments to study the following big winners of recent months, noting carefully the ingenious choice of words which brought success:—

ENGLAND EXPECTS—"CHARACTER" *From* HER SERVANTS (3,000 Guineas).
MAN IN A BATH-CHAIR—"WALKS"—IN "MEMORY'S GARDEN" (£3,500).
ANGRY SEA—FORMED BRITAIN'S "RUGGED CHARACTER" (£1,250 and £50 yearly).
SAVED FROM THE WRECK—THANKS "CARPENTER" FOR RAFT (£3,500).

Any of these *Bullets* might have been made by you. With this encouraging fact in mind, settle down to make up your *Bullets* for this Record Offer, remembering that your entry must be in by Saturday, April 16, if you want the thrill of that First Prize telegram on Friday, April 29.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of Postal Order.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(845) P.O. No._____ Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed_____ Address_____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(845) P.O. No._____ Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed_____ Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(845) P.O. No._____ Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed_____ Address_____

MAKE YOUR "BULLETS" FROM THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S HOME	THE MASTER	SPEED
OUR RECORD	TURNING TO	TO REFORM HIM
GROWING INDUSTRY	LOVESICK MAID	THANKS TO THE CHANCELLOR
SICK WORLD	DARING	HEALTH AND WEALTH
IF WE WANT PEACE	FOR GOLD	WHAT SHE'S WAITING FOR
ARMAMENTS RACE	MUMMY AND DADDY	THROWING MONEY AWAY
SILLY	LIKE ME	IN NATURE'S KINGDOM
STILL UNEMPLOYED	POPULAR PASTIME	HE FELL ASLEEP AND
NOT QUITE	DESCRIBES HER	IN LIFE'S SPRINGTIME
MARRIED BLISS	OVERDOING IT	HE'S OUR M.P., BUT
HIS WIDOW	THE VILLAGERS	IF FATHER WERE PREMIER
SWALLOWS	AT SEA	WOMAN OF THE FUTURE
WISE MOVE	LEAVING	
QUIETLY	TO SOCIETY	

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Special Newsagents' Prizes:—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 845 usually purchase their copies of "John Bull."

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(845) P.O. No._____ Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed_____ Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(845) P.O. No._____ Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. — Signed_____ Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(845) P.O. No._____ Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. — Signed_____ Address_____

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 845, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

NOW No. 2

Already the new "Passing Show" is more than a success—it is a tremendous triumph! Newsagents are being besieged for this wonderful publication. Here is something joyously new—something with all the sparkle of an epigram—all the gay, irrepressible spirit of youth—the greatest thing of its kind for 2d. ever attempted in this country.

Now for a peep at No. 2 on sale to-morrow, Friday, April 1.

The life story of King Alfonso of Spain—"the King who would not talk to any newspaper man." The first and only account of his life ever given for publication. A scoop! A story palpitating with romance, drama, anarchy, bombs.

Hindenburg! You know the general, now meet Hindenburg the Human Fortress, Germany's Man of Destiny. Take a look at him in private life.

A Raw Slice of Life—
"S.O.S. A Doctor Quick!" Drama on the high seas with a thrill in every line.

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¶ FICTION *at its finest*—
"No Place for a Woman" Elinor Mordaunt's L-o-n-g short story—great stuff! A novel in a nutshell.

OF THE

NEW PASSING SHOW

And *NOW* a SHORT SHORT story "One Man's Meat"—grim, gripping, unforgettable.

The treasures of Ali Baba's cave at your feet; Aladdin's Lamp in your hand, and yet . . . "Is It Worth While?" says Will Scott. This article will make you *think*.

"NEED Efficiency be Frumpish?" "No," says F. E. Baily, "The Pretty Girl Pays Best."

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✓ **£6,000** a year for £100 down! Dog racing! Sensational facts and figures!

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"GFHOSRCTEIN." Can you decipher it? Passwords!—the ten-minute competition for folks in a hurry. A short cut to winning £100. Give the Passwords, friend, and win £100.

X Look out for the three-colour cover by Gilbert Wilkinson. Get your copy **early!** The NEW "Passing Show" already has the reputation of disappearing like a flash from the bookstalls.

P.S.—A GOOD TIP! If you want to be SURE of your copy always, place an order with your newsagent.

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